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Cover photo by Tom Grimes. Illustration by Ernie Colon.

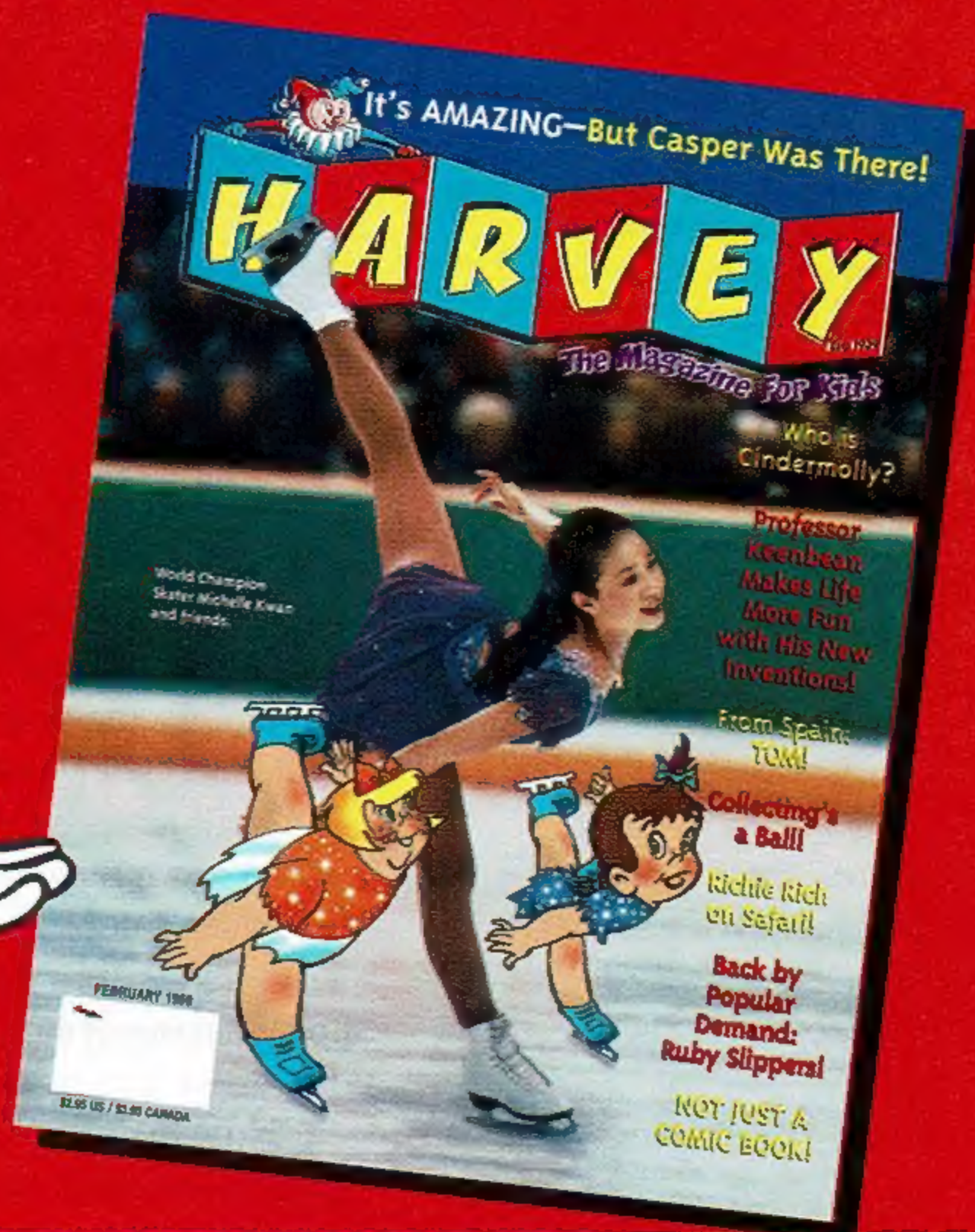
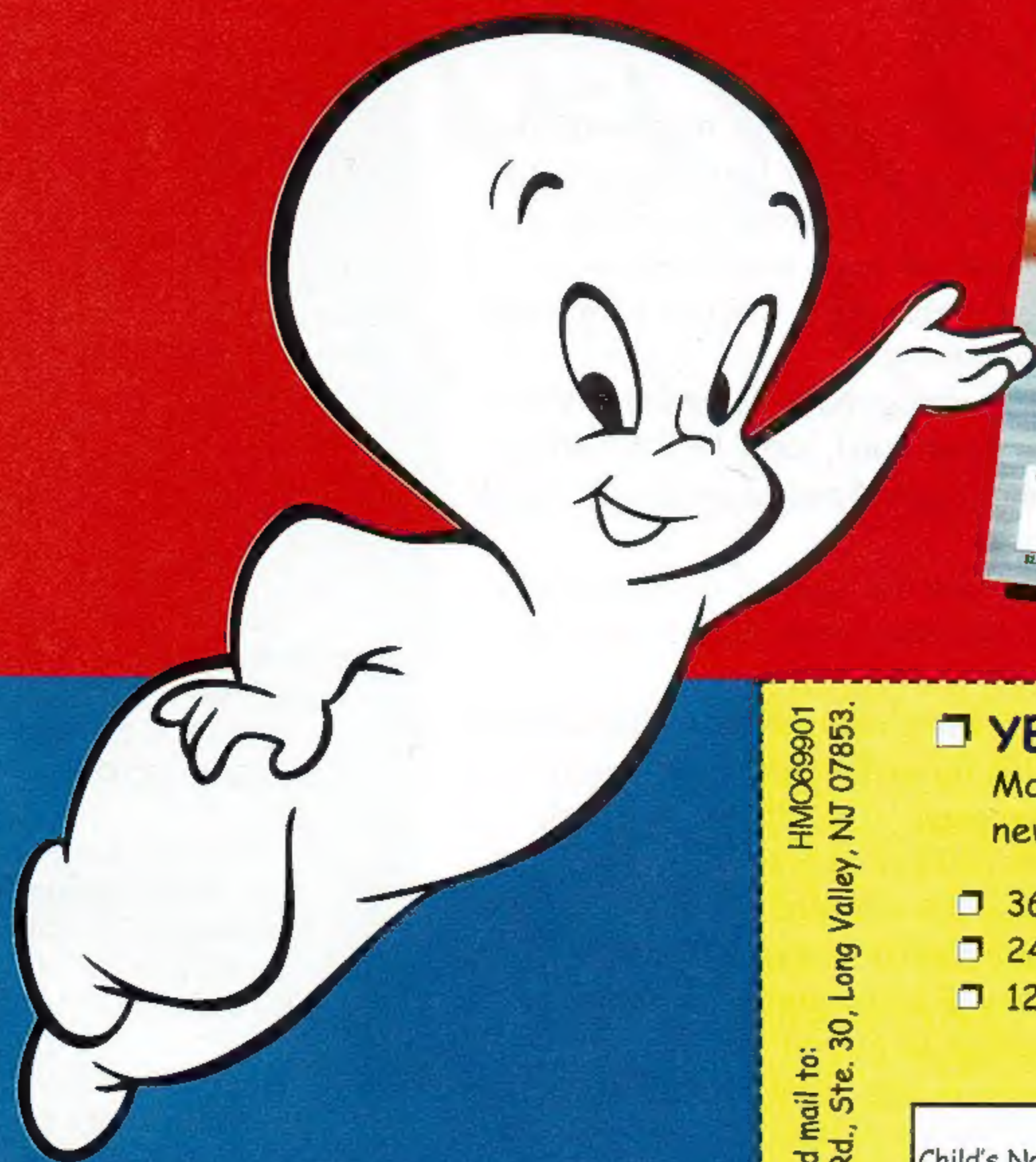
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Editorial

Y2K

No, it's not the little munchkin-like robot in the *Star Wars* series, but a symbol for the year 2000. In about six months we will enter a new century and a new millennium. You will actually be able to say, "When I was born in the last millennium...."

Many important things have happened in the last 1000 years—some good, some bad, but all history making events that have changed the course of life as we live it.

Now that you have the summer months to fool around in, check out what some people are doing in celebration.

For all you brainiacs out there, the Chips Ahoy! people are looking for math leaders of the next century! Are you game? The Millennium Math Challenge invites children in grades 1 to 8 to complete an entry pack that contains 10 math problems and a bonus essay. Twelve finalists will compete for \$48,000 at the US Astronaut Hall of Fame in Florida. The deadline of August 15th, is fast-approaching, so get online at www.chipsahoy.com for the scoop!

AT-A-GLANCE is hosting a countrywide, traveling museum in a 48-foot trailer until December. It features a Hopes & Dreams Journal which consists of, you guessed it, the hopes and dreams of celebrities, sports heroes, politicians and school-children from around the country. There are also 10 life-size timelines illustrating the last 1000 years and other cool stuff. For more information check out their website at www.at-a-glance.com.

214 more days and counting!

Julie

Editor-in-Chief
Julie S. Lynch

Designer
Chris Howland

Managing Editor
Jennifer Paull

Associate Editor
Harvey Comics
Sid Jacobson

Editorial Consultant
Craig Shemin

Contributing Writers
P.G. Bradley, Eric Head,
Sid Jacobson, Ken Langridge,
Tex Ragsdale, Craig Shemin,
B.K. Taylor

Contributing Artists
Emie Colon, Gary Fields, Rick
Geary, Elizabeth Harbour, Karen
Hughes, Paul Meisel, Jorge
Pacheco, B.K. Taylor

Computer Coloring
Emie Colon
Ben Sean

Technical Consultant
Eric L. Grossman

Publisher
Matty Simmons

Associate Publisher
Aurelio Christian

Assistant to the Publisher
Aanand Shrestha

Comptroller
Jin Brown

Manager of Finance
Susan Woo

Subscription Manager
Kathie Thaw

Editorial and Subscription offices:
59 East Mill Road Suite 4-202
Long Valley, NJ 07853
Phone: 908-876-1961
Fax: 908-876-3081

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O: 323-655-7426
F: 323-655-1828

CHICAGO

Karen Gleason/Lisa Nelson
Karen Gleason & Associates, Inc.
250 S. Wacker Dr., Ste. 1200
Chicago, IL 60606
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O: 312-993-4121 (Lisa)
F: 312-993-4237

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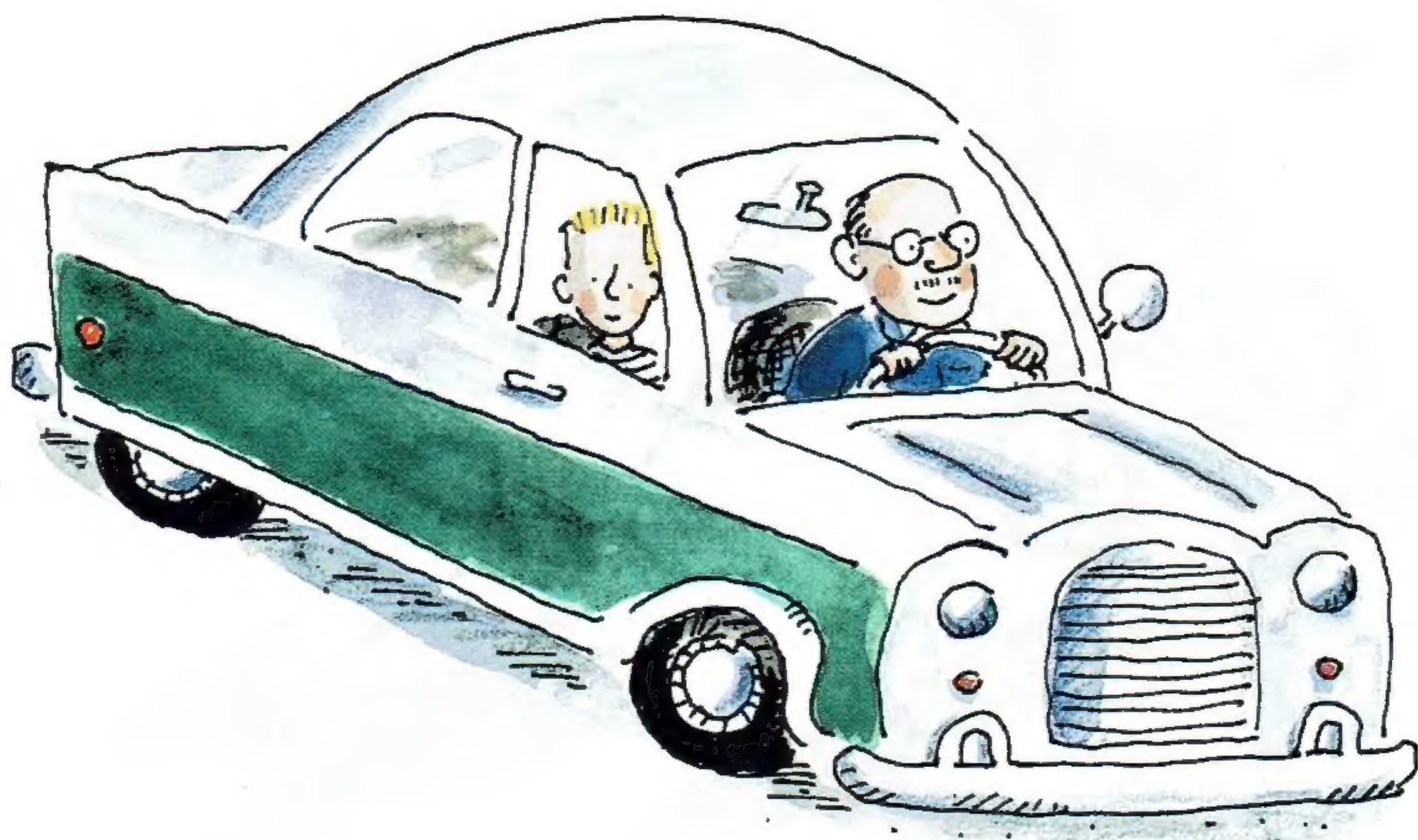
Matthew Weisberg
320 E. 23rd St., Ste. 14A
New York, NY 10010
O: 212-529-9945
F: 212-529-9962

Yvonne Cooke
100 Silver Spring Rd.
Ridgefield, CT 06877
O: 203-438-4977
F: 203-438-4997

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GOING DOWNHILL

by P.G. Bradley • Illustrations by Paul Meisel

Billy Goslin was in trouble again. And, once again, it was just bad luck. Billy often wondered why all these terrible things happened to him.

And this was serious. This was not just sliding down a newly painted banister at his grandma's house and getting paint all over his pants and ruining the paint job or accidentally dropping that box with the ant colony in it, in Mr. Mandelbaum's ice cream parlor. It took nearly a week to find all those ants.

No, this was much worse.

Billy Goslin had been sitting in his Uncle Jack's car which at the time was parked up at the top of the big hill which is right over Main Street. Uncle Jack had turned off the motor, put the car in park and pulled up the emergency brake. "Now," he told Billy, "I'm goin' right over there to pick up that big watermelon that Phil the fruit man has been saving for me. You sit still and I'll be right

back."

As he got out of the car, he once again turned to Billy. "O.K.," he said.

"Don't move and don't touch anything. I'll be right back."

He must have been gone a minute or two when Billy—in all innocence—reached over and, pretending he was driving, as kids will do, turned the steering wheel a couple of times. Then, he pressed some buttons and then he shifted the gear out of drive. The car didn't move and Billy kept on pretending he was driving. He leaned over, better to steer, and accidentally caught his belt buckle on the emergency brake, he twisted and turned but couldn't get unhooked. He slid under the wheel, trying to work the belt off the brake, but the brake was too high, so he lowered it.

And the car started rolling. It rolled to the very edge of the hill. Now, Billy worked his way out of the grip the brake had on his belt. He sat up and looked out the window. All he could see was Main Street directly below him.

The car started rolling again. It picked up speed and soon was flying down that hill.

"Hey!" came a scream from on top of the hill. It was Uncle Jack carrying a huge watermelon. He started racing

after the car, still carrying the watermelon.

"Wait!" he commanded as though a car with no one in the driver's seat and a kid in the passenger's seat could obey such a command.

The car sped past Mrs. Cornwell who was walking her dog, a big brown shepherd. She looked at the car, then at Uncle Jack running with that watermelon. She was so shocked, she dropped the leash and her dog took off after Jack.

Billy Goslin saw Main Street looming up in front of him and he just closed his eyes.

The car and Uncle Jack and the watermelon and Mrs. Cornwell's dog zipped past Billy's cousin Samuel who was riding up the hill on his bicycle. He just stared as the group whizzed by him.

"Stop!" yelled Uncle Jack, to his car.

"Aarf!" barked Mrs. Cornwell's dog.

"Oh, my gosh!" moaned Billy's



cousin Samuel as he turned and sped after them.

As the car hit the bottom of the hill and leveled off onto Main Street, Officer Joe Perkins, who was sitting in his patrol car, looked up and saw: A speeding car without a driver, but with a kid in the passenger seat, sitting there with his eyes closed.

A man running after the car with a watermelon in his arms.

A barking dog running after the man.

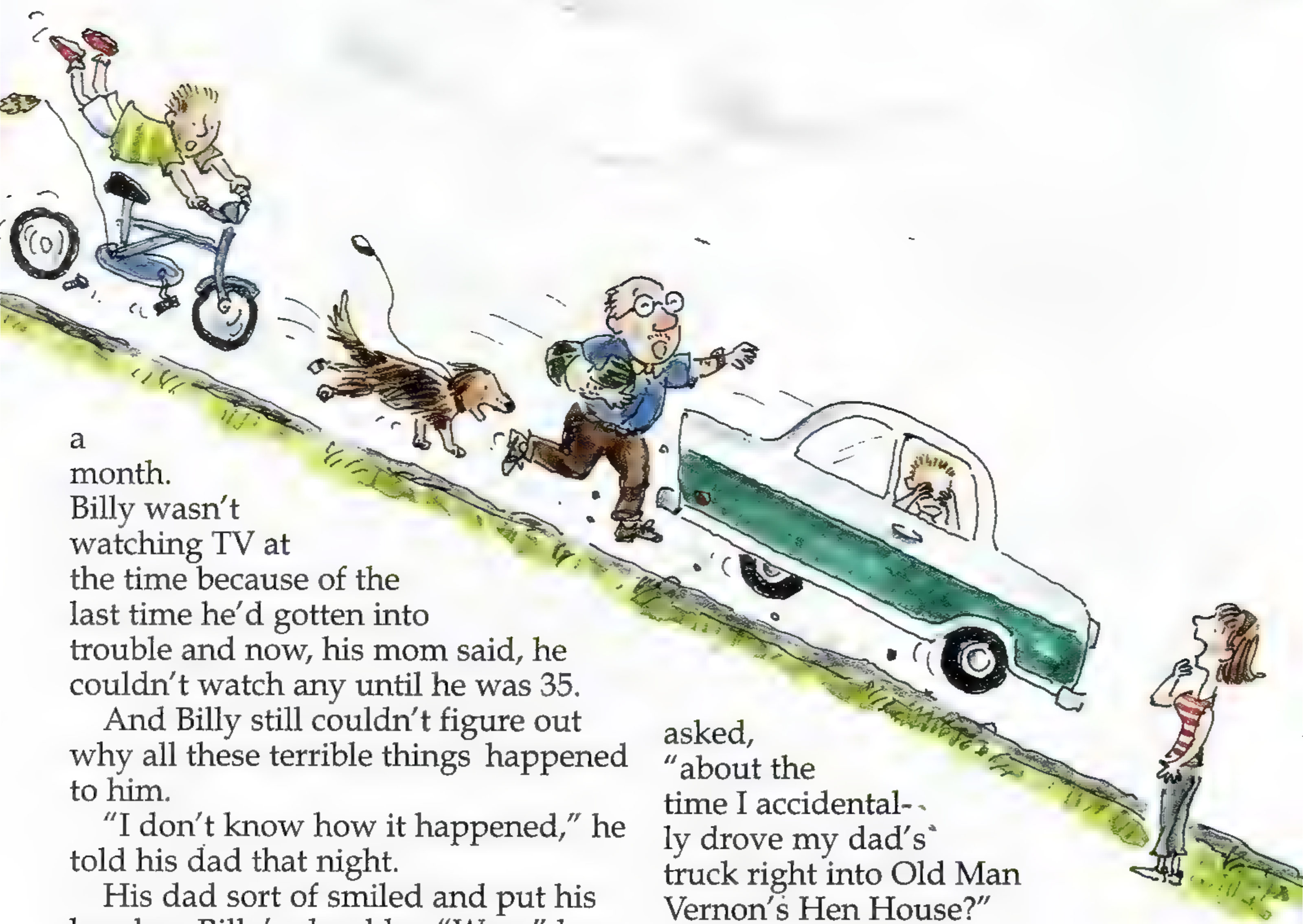
A kid on a bike peddling after the dog.

So, Officer Joe started his motor and took off after them.

Mayor Delaney and Judge Werner had just walked out of Mae Tilley's coffee shop, having finished their customary noon-time lunch, when this safari flew by them.

"Oh, my gosh!" cried Mayor Delaney.

"What was that?" asked Judge



a month. Billy wasn't watching TV at the time because of the last time he'd gotten into trouble and now, his mom said, he couldn't watch any until he was 35.

And Billy still couldn't figure out why all these terrible things happened to him.

"I don't know how it happened," he told his dad that night.

His dad sort of smiled and put his hand on Billy's shoulder. "Wow," he said, "you must of rolled a mile."

Then he sat down next to Billy on his bed. "Did I ever tell you," his dad

asked, "about the time I accidentally drove my dad's truck right into Old Man Vernon's Hen House?"

Billy smiled.

"You see," Dad said, "I was just sitting in my dad's car one day...."

Jackie Jokers

WELCOME BACK TO CLUB HA-HA, A PLACE WHERE KIDS GET TOGETHER TO LAUGH AND EAT PIZZA AND GUZZLE ICE CREAM SODAS AND TALK ABOUT WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF THEIR PARENTS HAD TO GO TO BED AT 8:30 AND **THEY** COULD STAY UP AND WATCH TELEVISION.

MY DAD'S FATHER WAS REALLY STRICT. EVERY MORNING HE MADE MY DAD CHOP WOOD, MILK THE COWS, AND WALK TEN MILES TO SCHOOL. AND **HE** LIVED IN AN APARTMENT HOUSE IN DOWNTOWN CLEVELAND!

DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE ELEPHANT WHO TOOK A PLANE RIDE BUT COULDN'T FEED HIMSELF ANY OF THOSE PEANUTS THEY HAND OUT ON THE FLIGHT? THEY MADE HIM CHECK HIS TRUNK.

I HAVE A FRIEND WHO HAS A PET OWL, BUT HE DOESN'T REALLY GIVE A HOOT ABOUT HIM.

THE OTHER DAY I WENT SWIMMING AND MET THIS WHALE WHO WOULDN'T STOP TALKING! HE WAS A REAL BLUBBER-MOUTH!

WHICH REMINDS ME, MY LAZY UNCLE HAS A LAZY CAT.

WELL, THE OTHER DAY HE SAW A MOUSE AND WALKED AFTER HIM.

HOW LAZY IS HE?

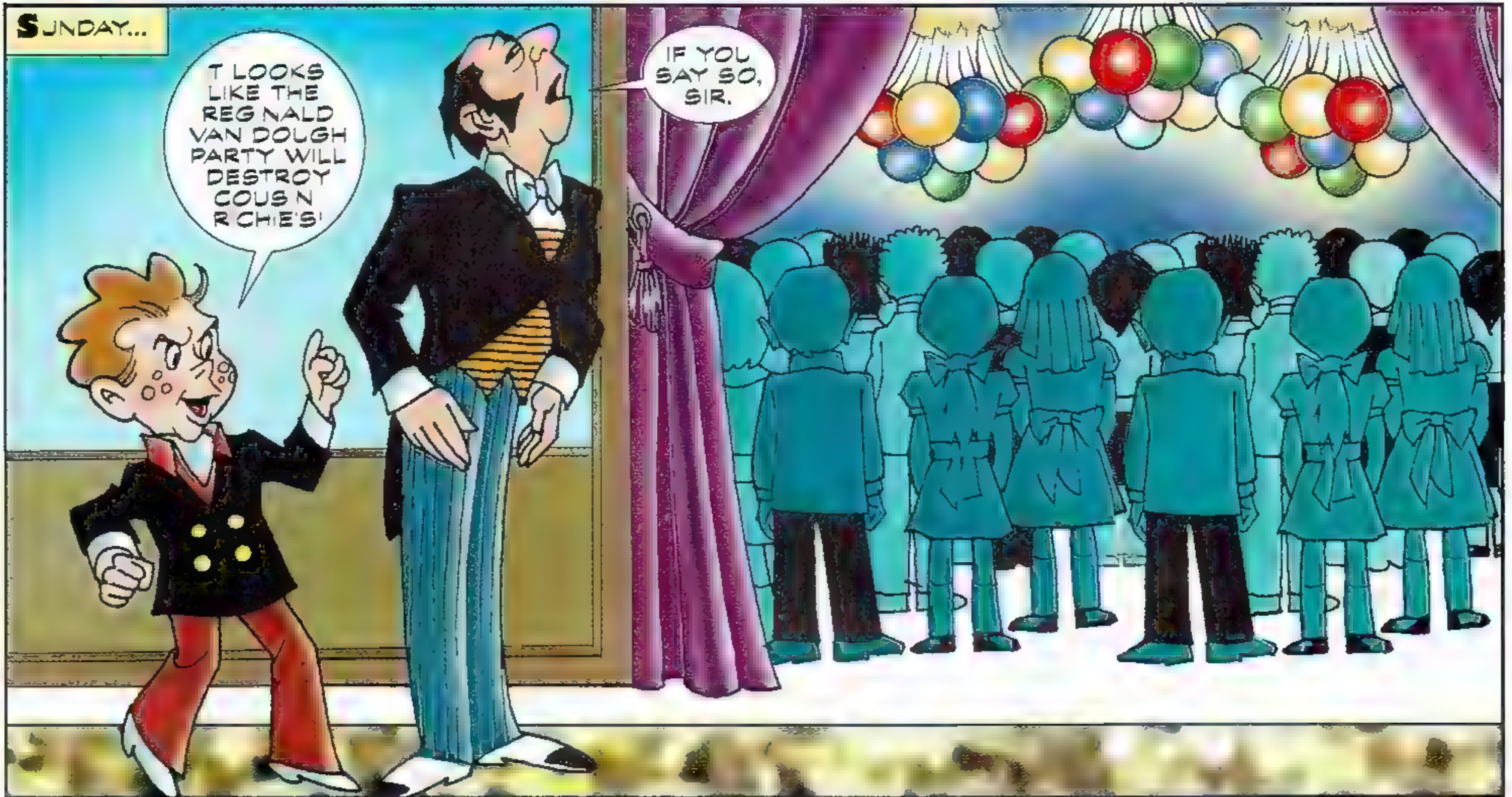
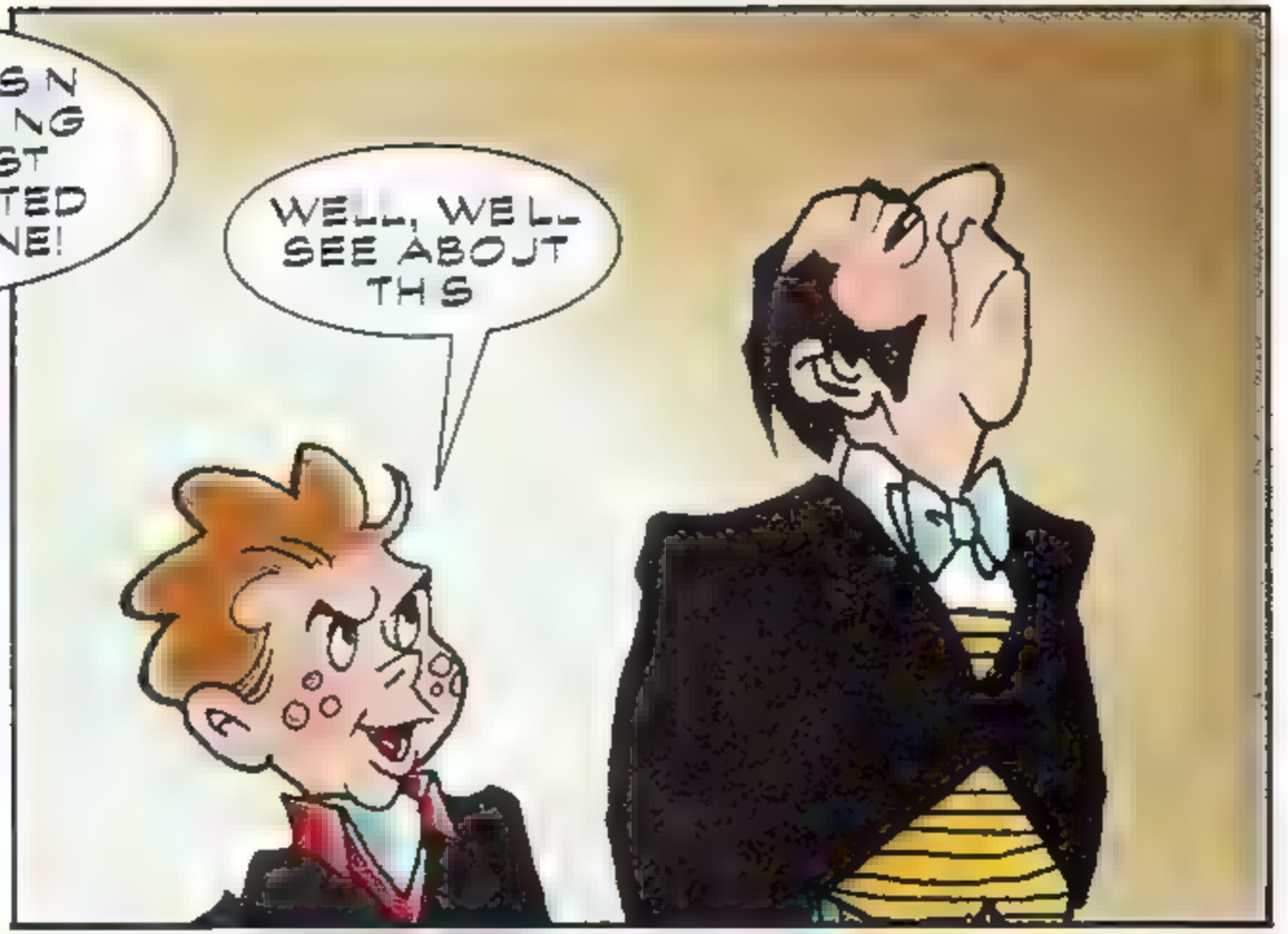
MY MUSIC TEACHER TOLD ME I HAD A GREAT SINGING VOICE. ACTUALLY, WHAT SHE SAID WAS, I HAD A GRATING SINGING VOICE.

I PREFER SINGING ALONE AND AFTER I START SINGING, I'M **USUALLY** ALONE.

DID YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU DON'T SLEEP FOR SEVEN DAYS, IT MAKES ONE WEEK?

HEY! YOU COULD LAUGH A LITTLE LOUDER HERE. I GOT BIGGER LAUGHS THAN THIS WHEN I CAUGHT A FLY BALL WITH MY HEAD. BASEBALL'S NOT MY BIG SPORT. REALLY. I STRIKE OUT SO OFTEN THE CATCHER GETS WIND BURN. SOME PLAYERS GET HURT DURING THE GAME. I SPRAINED AN ANKLE FALLING OFF THE BENCH. ACTUALLY, ONCE I DID HAVE A HOMERUN. I HAD SUCH A TERRIBLE GAME THAT MY TEAMMATES CHASED ME ALL THE WAY HOME.





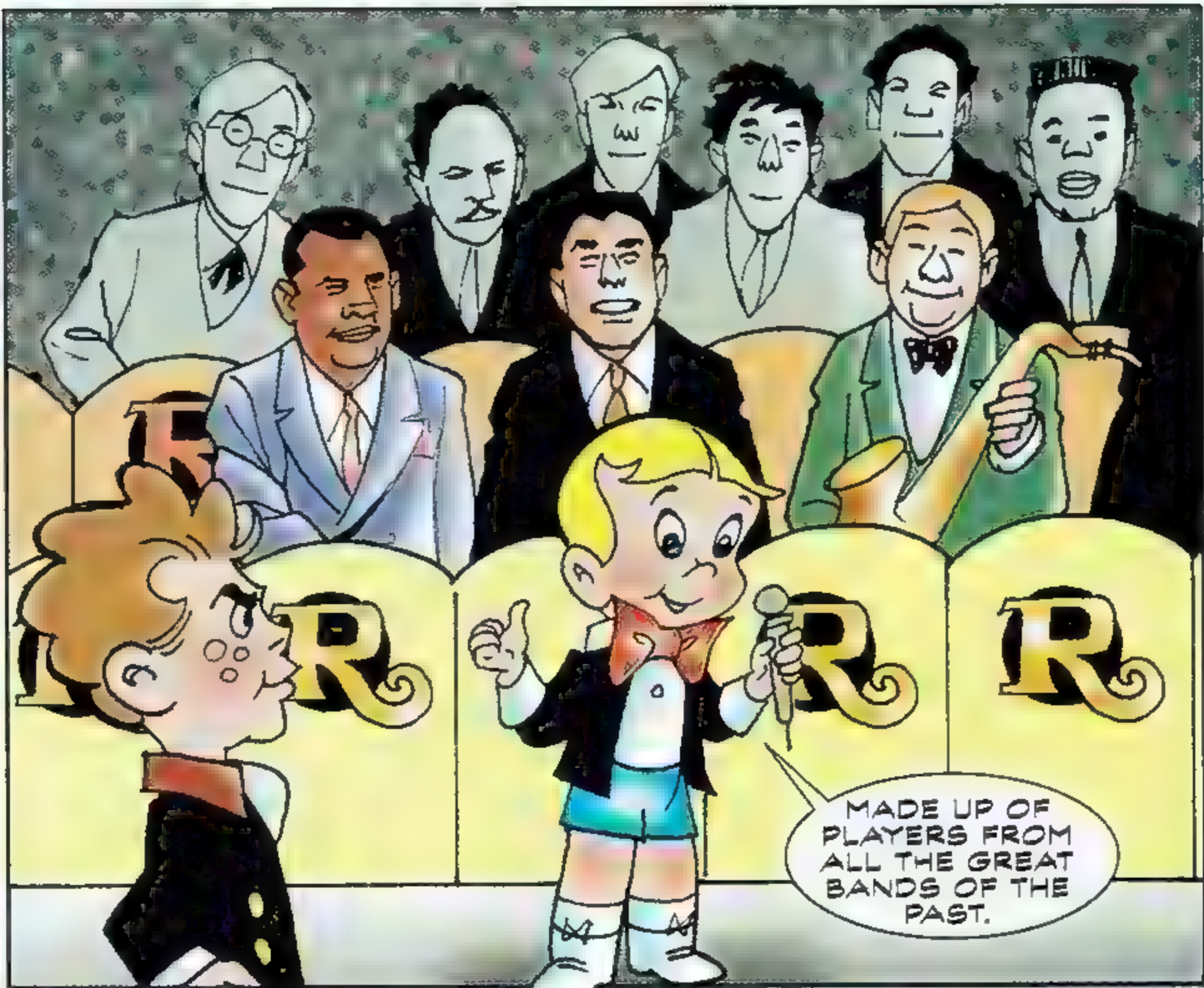
You may know that arachnophobia is the fear of spiders, but do you know what eisotrophobia is? The fear of mirrors!





THAT'S QUITE A BAND YOU HAVE UP THERE.

IT'S A GREAT ALL-STAR BAND, REGGIE.



MADE UP OF PLAYERS FROM ALL THE GREAT BANDS OF THE PAST.



YEAH, LIKE GLENN GOODMAN AND COUNT ELLIGTON.

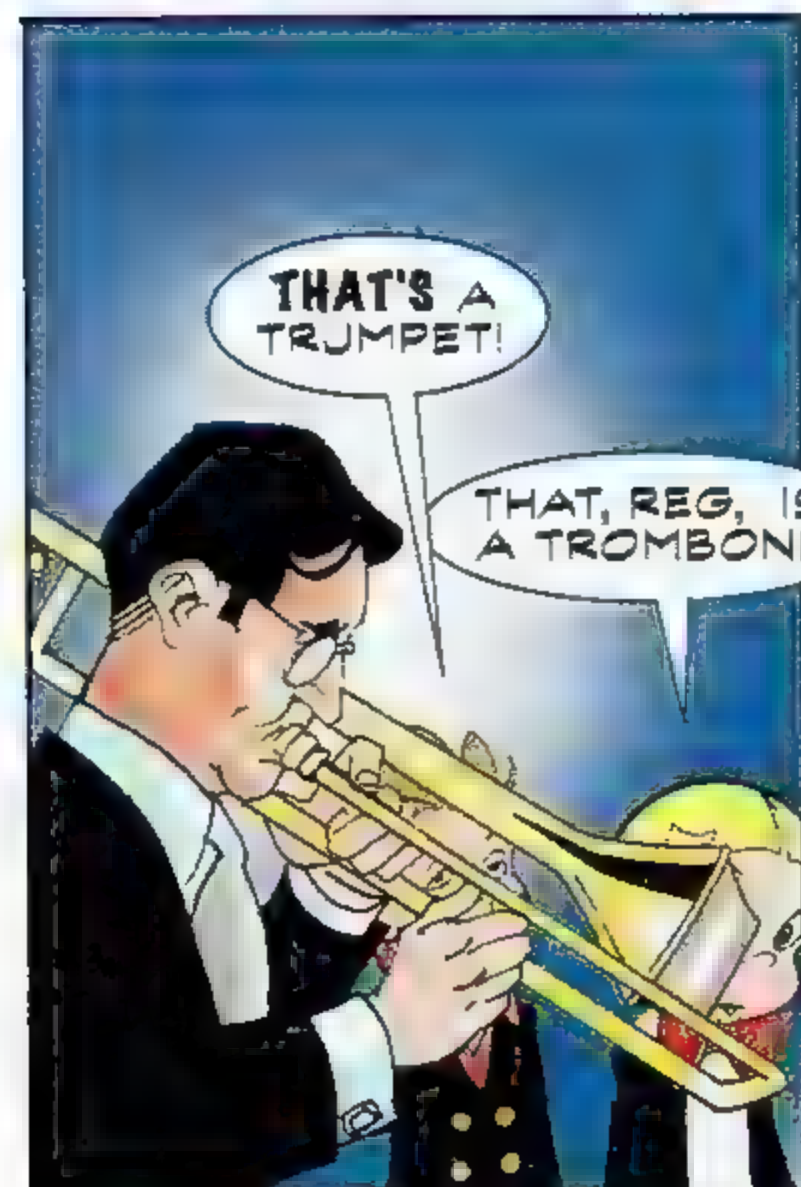
CLOSE, REG. BUT IT WAS GLENN MILLER, COUNT BASIE AND DUKE ELLINGTON.



"YEAH, WHATEVER", SAYS REGGIE. "THAT'S A GREAT SOUNDING SAXOPHONE, ANYWAY." "YOU MEAN CLARINET," CORRECTS RICHIE.



"AND WHAT A TROMBONE," INSISTS REGGIE. "THAT'S A TRUMPET," SIGHS RICHIE.



THAT'S A TRUMPET!

THAT, REG, IS A TROMBONE.



RICHIE EXCUSES HIMSELF TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

"AND THEY'LL PERFORM 'SING, SING, SING', ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL BIG BAND SONGS!" CONTINUES RICHIE.

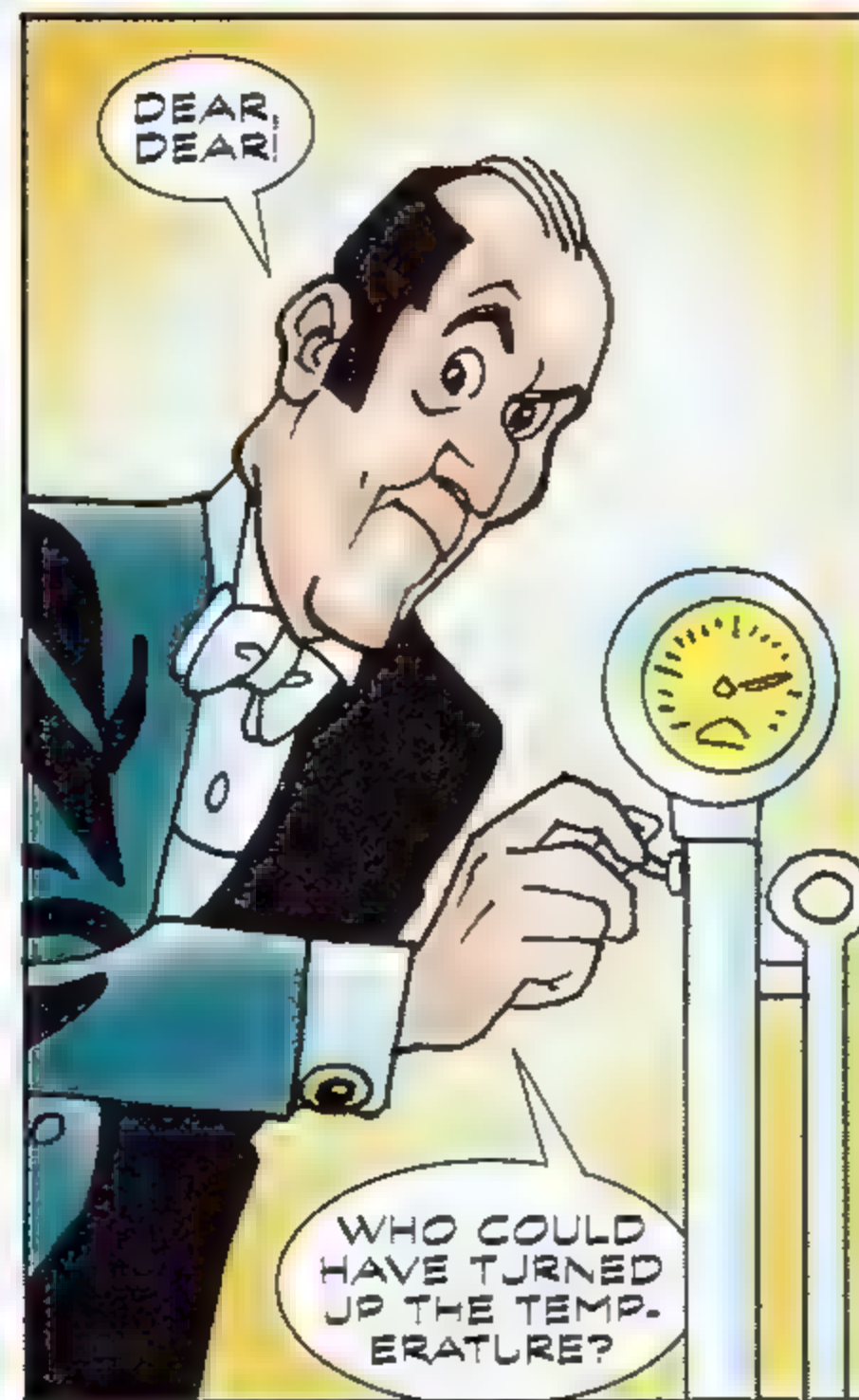
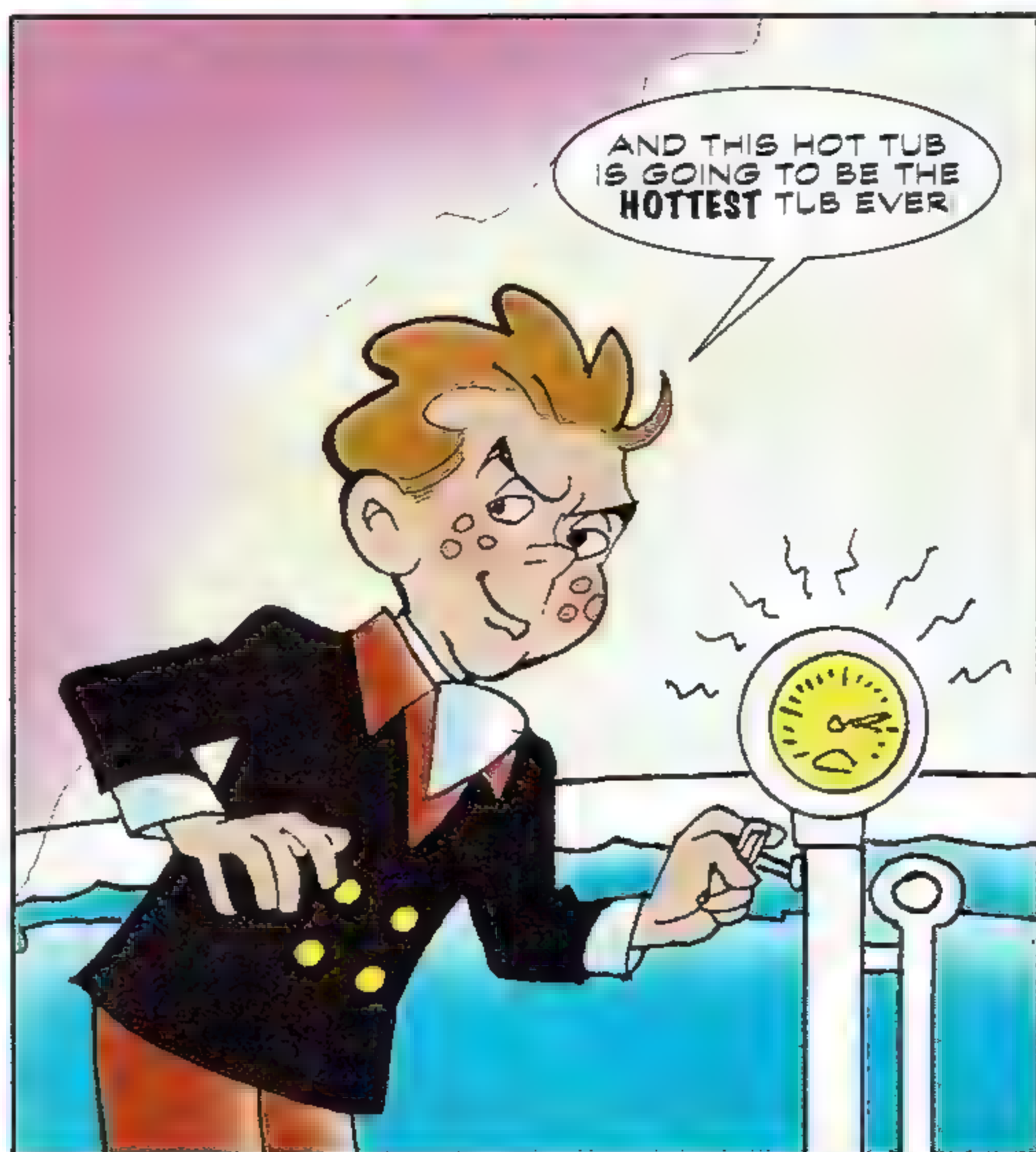
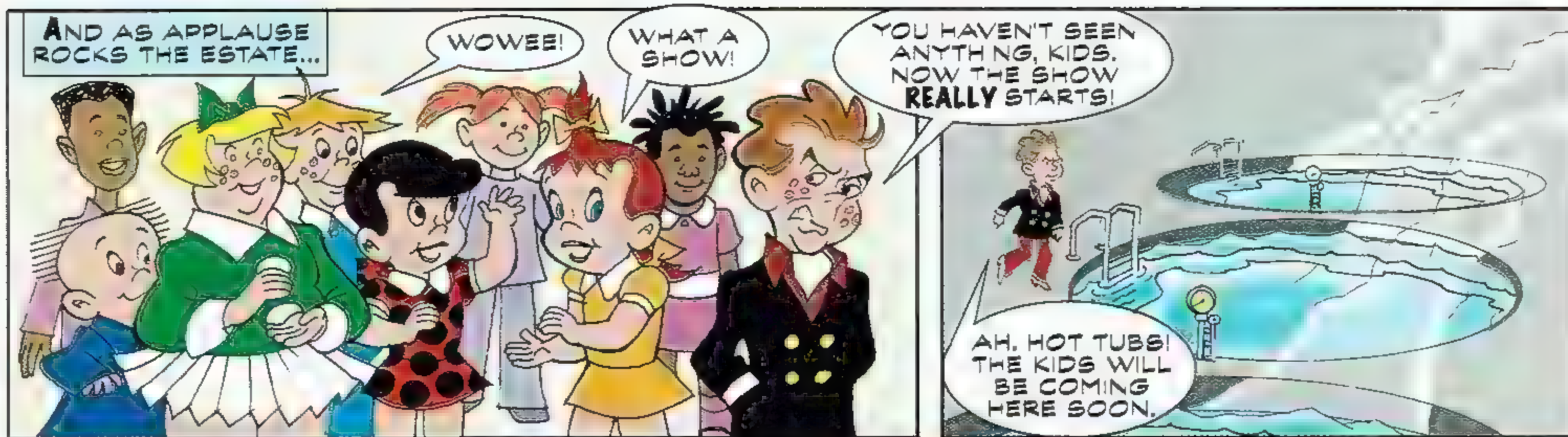
FOLKS, THIS GREAT ALL-STAR BAND PUT ON MASKS WITH THE FACES OF SOME OF THE GREAT BAND LEADERS OF ALL TIME.

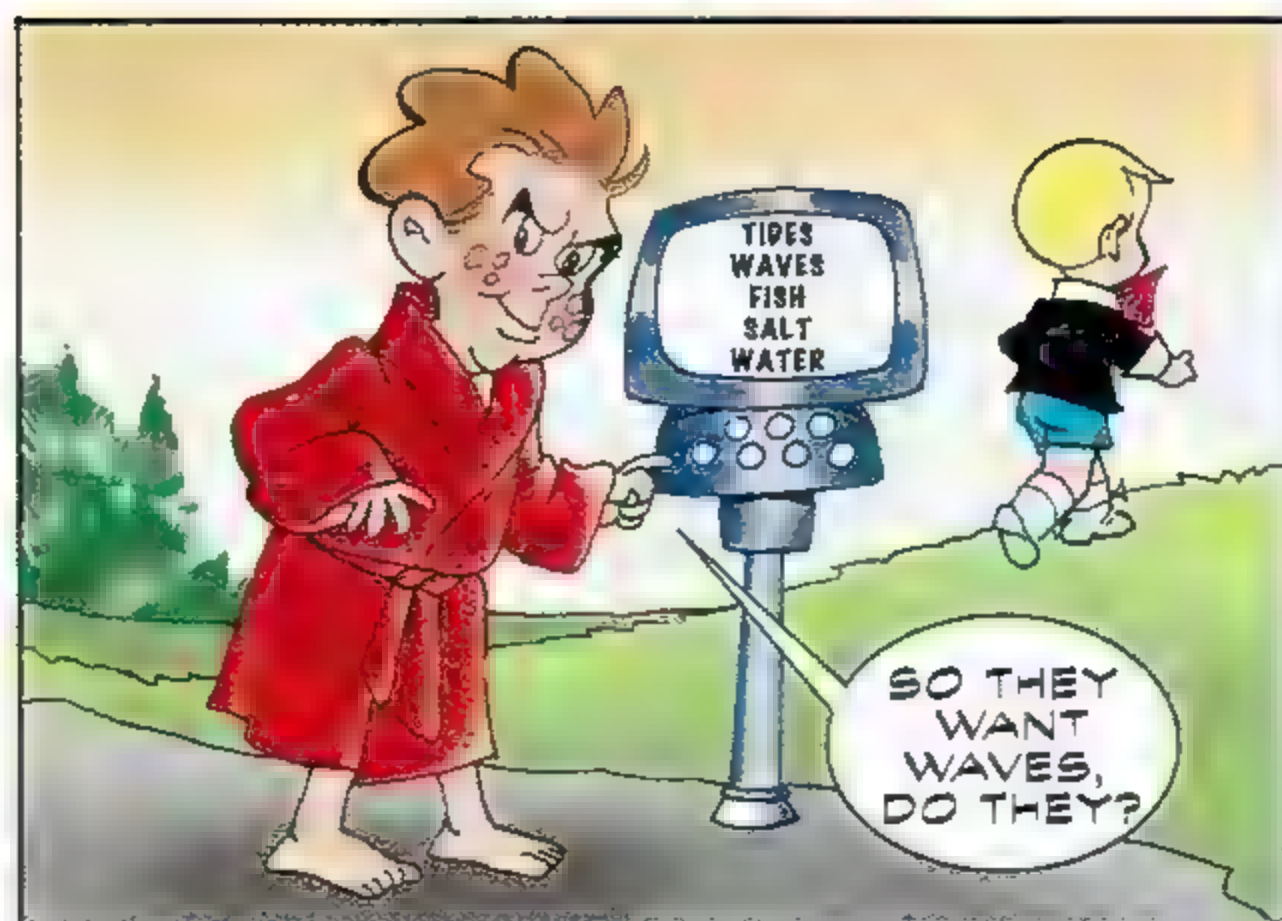
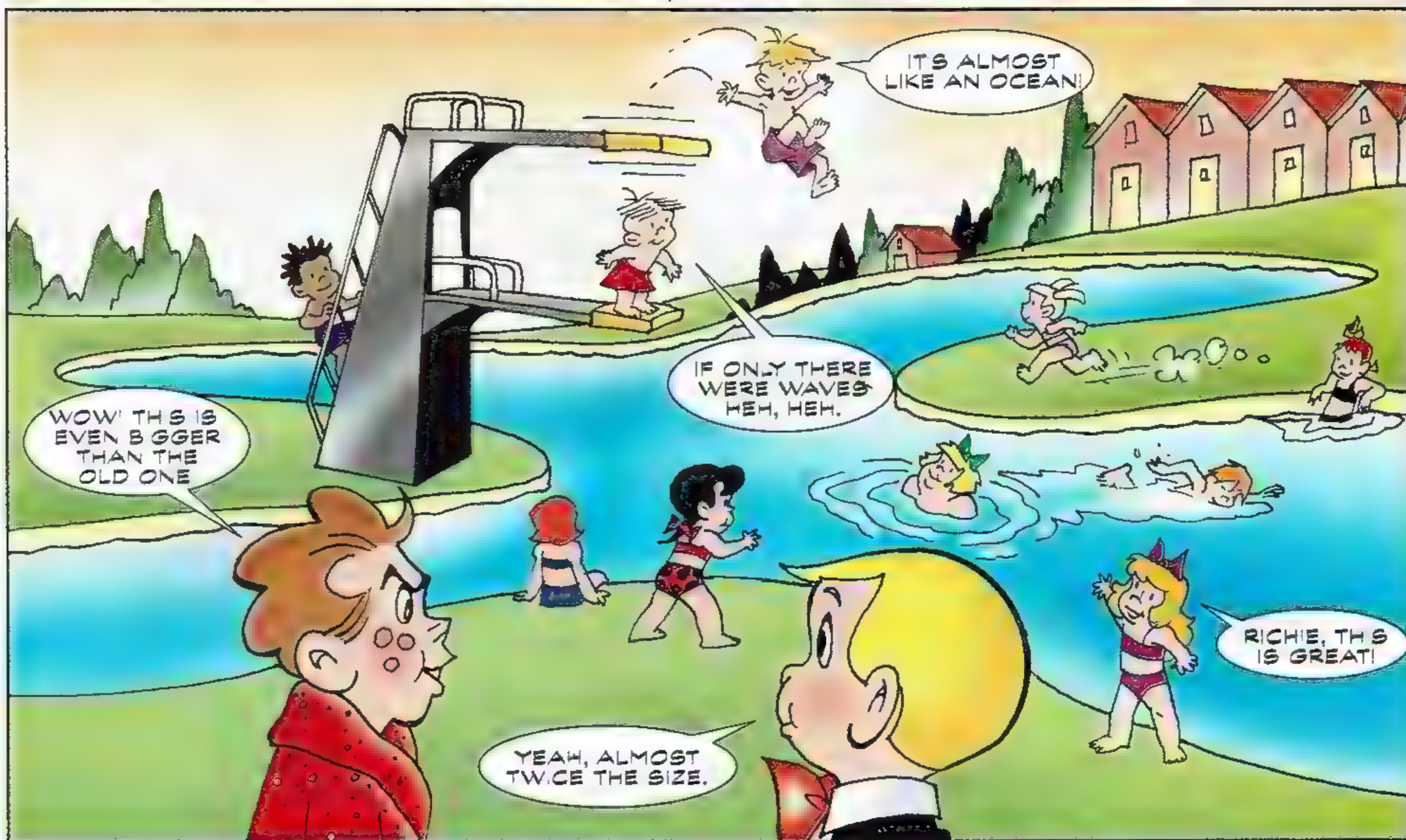
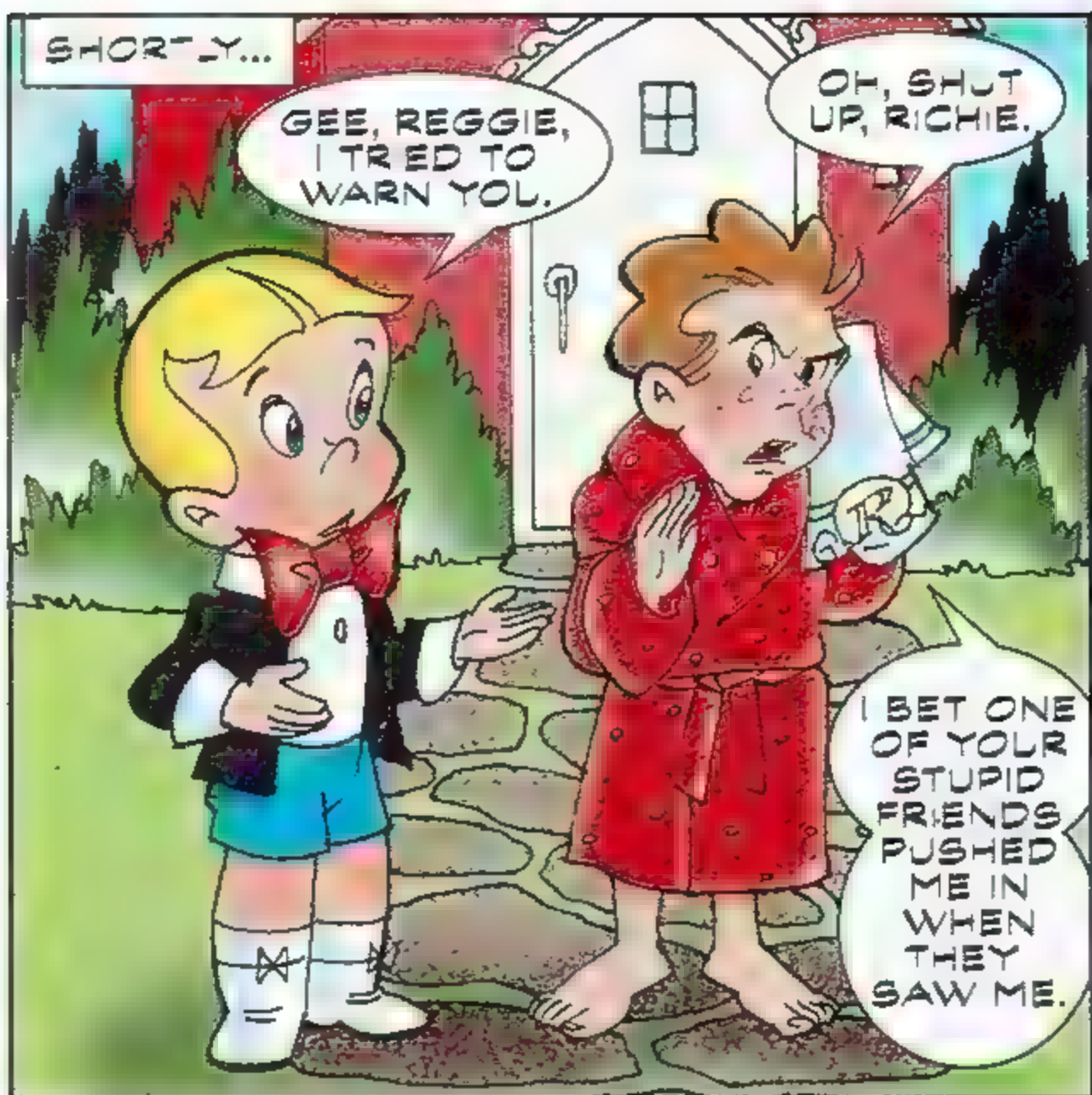
An unraveled French horn is 17 feet long—that's longer than some cars!

Ever wonder how crocodiles clean their teeth? The Egyptian plover (crocodile bird) sits in the crocodile's mouth and picks away like a dental hygienist would.

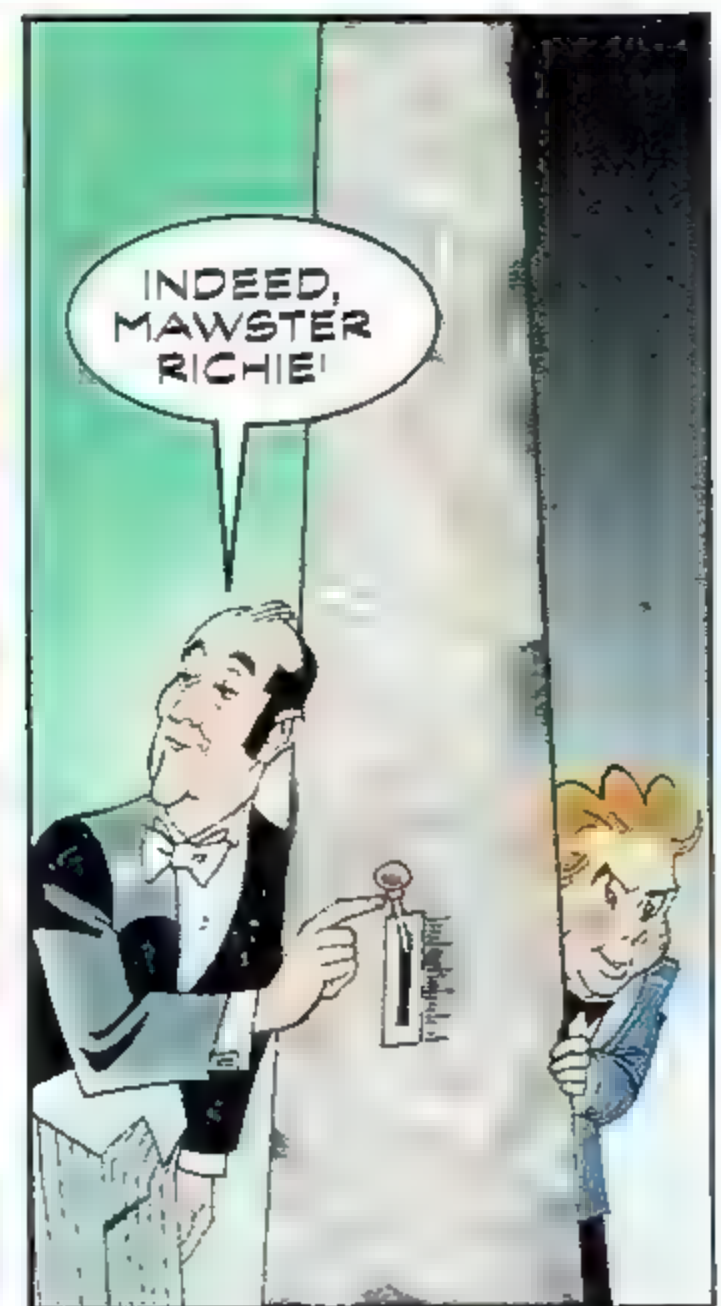
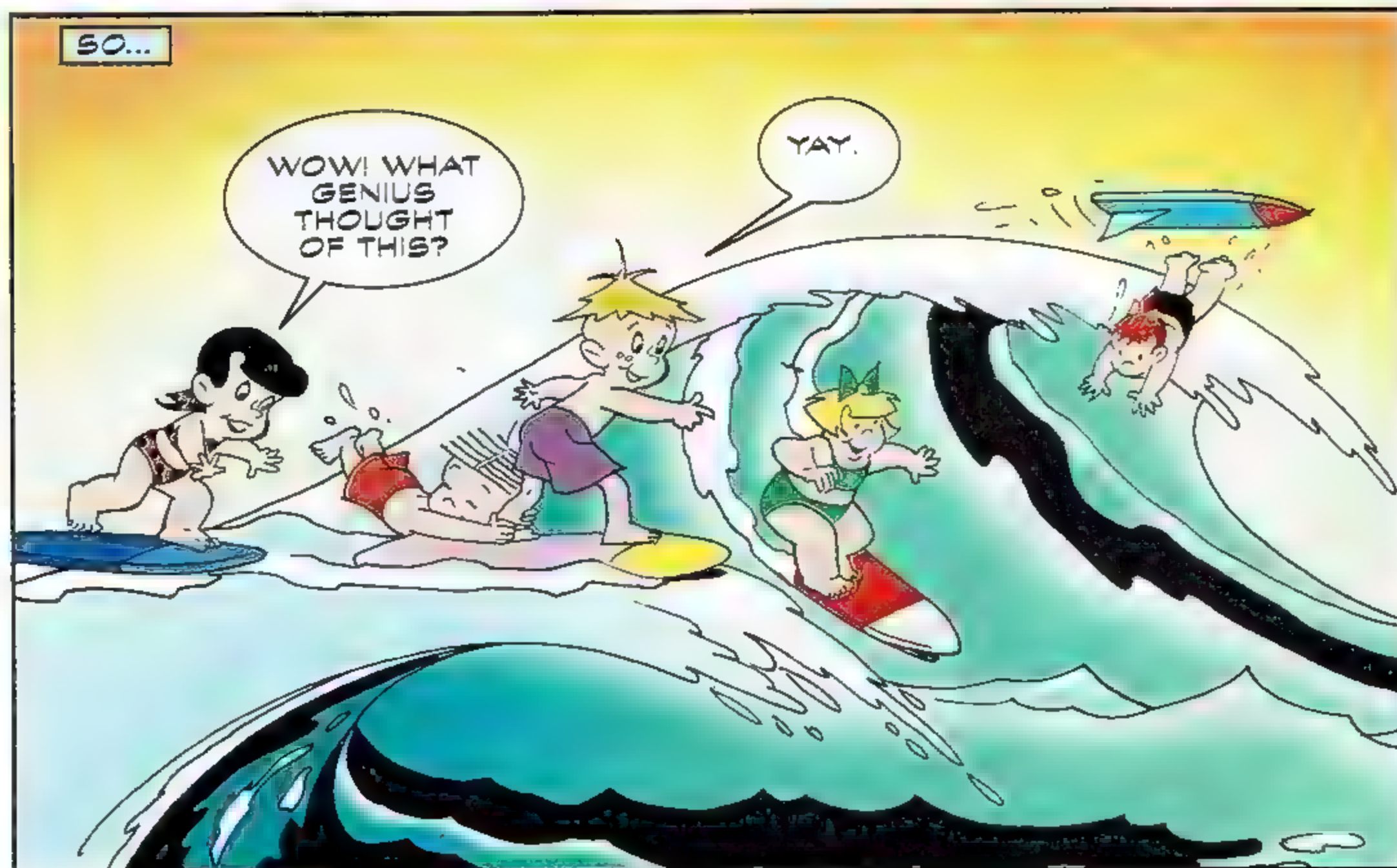
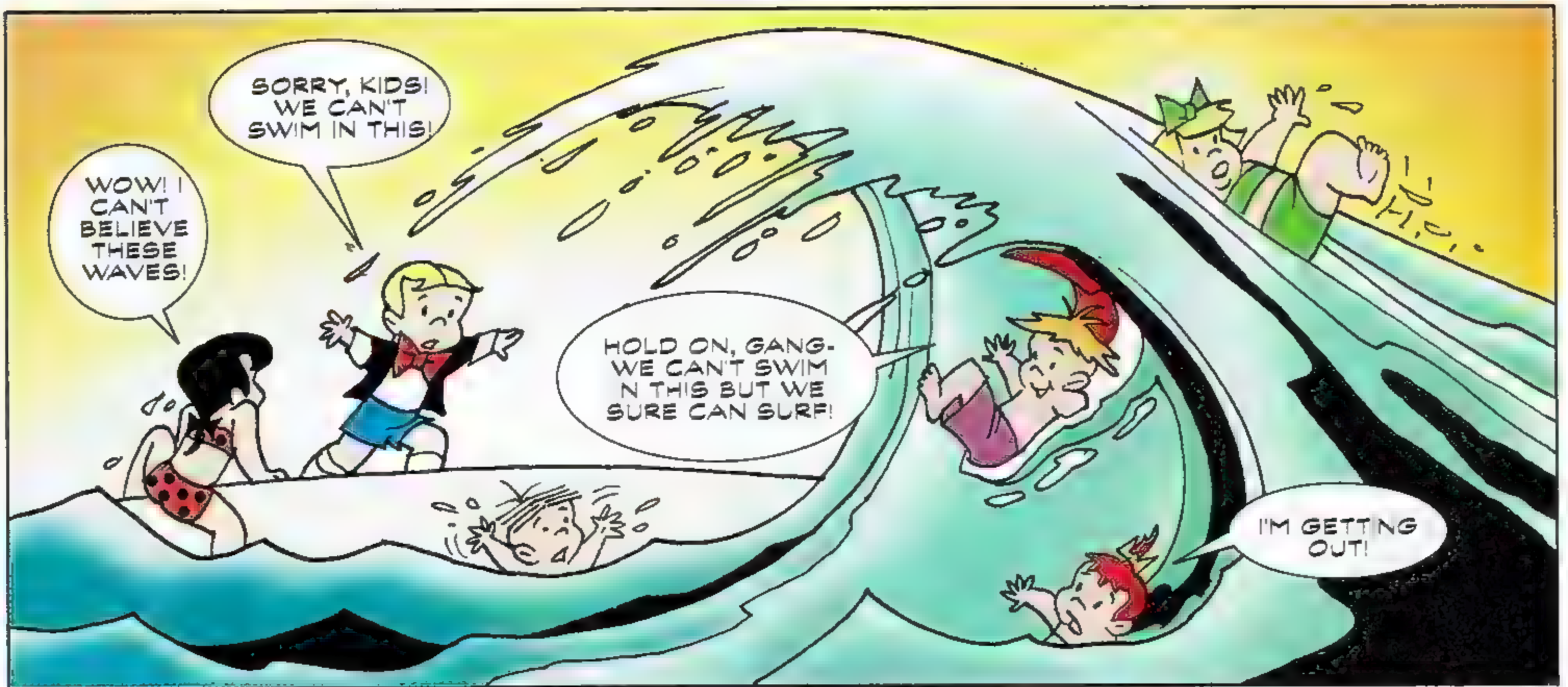
AND IN A FEW MOMENTS...

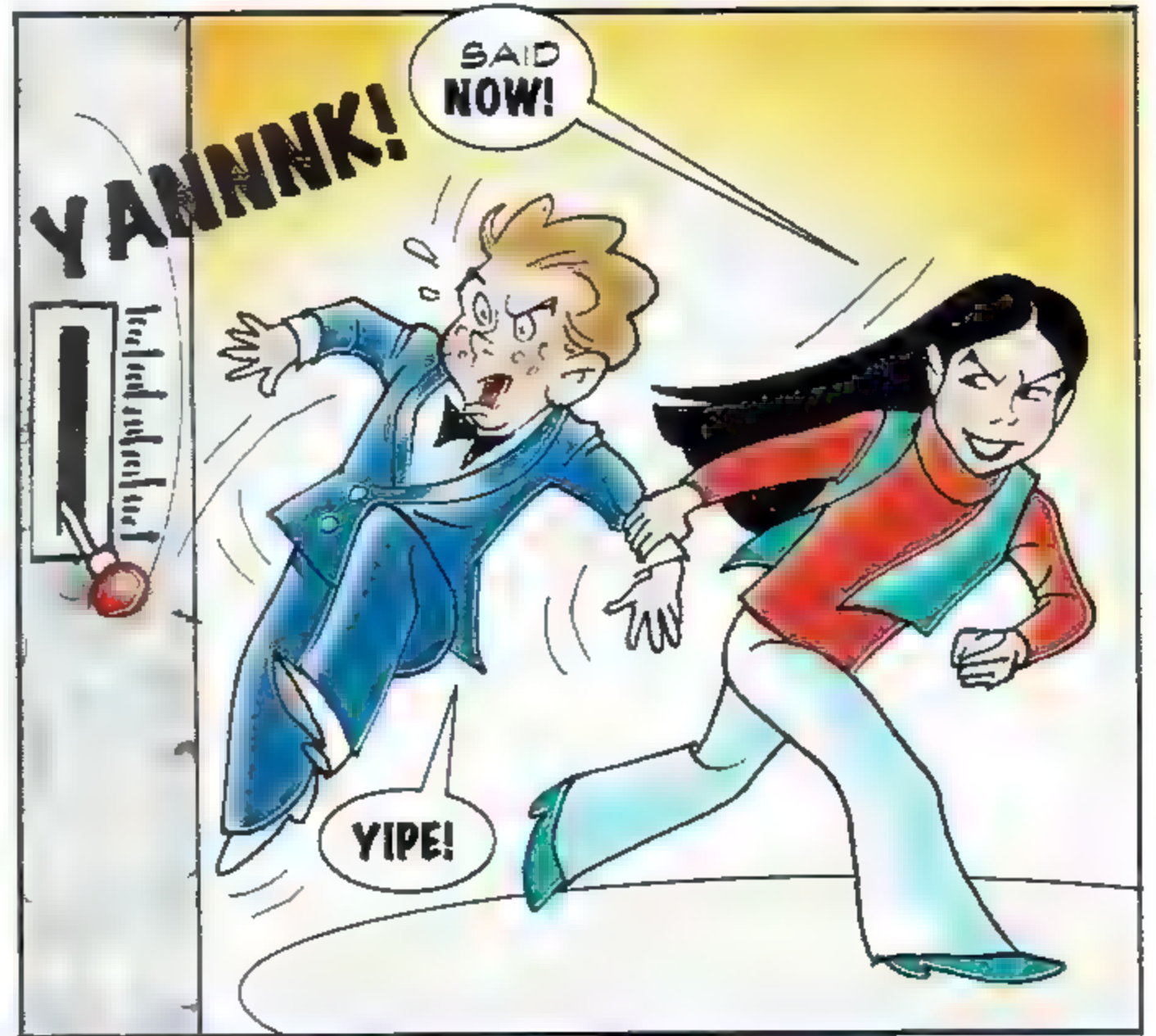






Just like people, if penguins are too active they might get overheated. But whereas a cool drink might help a person, penguins have to stand with their mouths open to cool down.





President Grant's real name was Hiram Ulysses Grant. Because he didn't like his initials, H.U.G., he decided to reverse his first and middle names,

but when he entered West Point, his name was mistakenly listed as Ulysses S. Grant. He kept the name.



PENCIL *Dreams*

Art by B.K. Taylor Story by B.K. Taylor and Tex Ragsdale

Molly Macintosh was taking her first plane ride on her way to visit her grandmother in Pomona. Although she loved her grandmother and wanted to see her again, she wasn't really looking forward to staying at her house. It was very old-fashioned and kind of boring. Most of the time, on visits like this, Molly didn't know what to do with herself. But what she hated most about the trip was the plane ride itself. The whole thing made her nervous. Until the man next to her spoke.



"Is this your first plane ride?" he asked in a kindly voice. "How could you tell?" Molly replied. "I felt the same way on my first one," he said, "but since then I've flown everywhere." Molly looked surprised. "Everywhere?" she asked. "I've flown millions of miles, to places you can't even imagine. Believe me, there's nothing to worry about."

Molly thought to herself, "Don't worry?" That was hard to do. But imagine? That she could do. As usual when she was nervous, Molly began to sketch in her notebook and became totally absorbed in her own world.

Then suddenly, she saw something out of the corner of her eye. Outside, through the plane's window, Molly saw ... a flying saucer! It pulled right up next to the plane. The aliens inside smiled and waved as if they knew her. Molly turned to the man next to her to ask what they should do next — and he was smiling and waving back!



When Molly looked back out the window, the aliens in the saucer were aiming a weird contraption right at them. Then, before Molly could say anything, a strange ray shot out of the saucer and into the plane, enveloping Molly and the man. "Oh boy," he said. "Here we go!" "Go where?" Molly asked nervously. "Back where I came from," he told her, "to the planet Gorthmo!" Oh oh, Molly thought, and squeezed her eyes shut very tight.



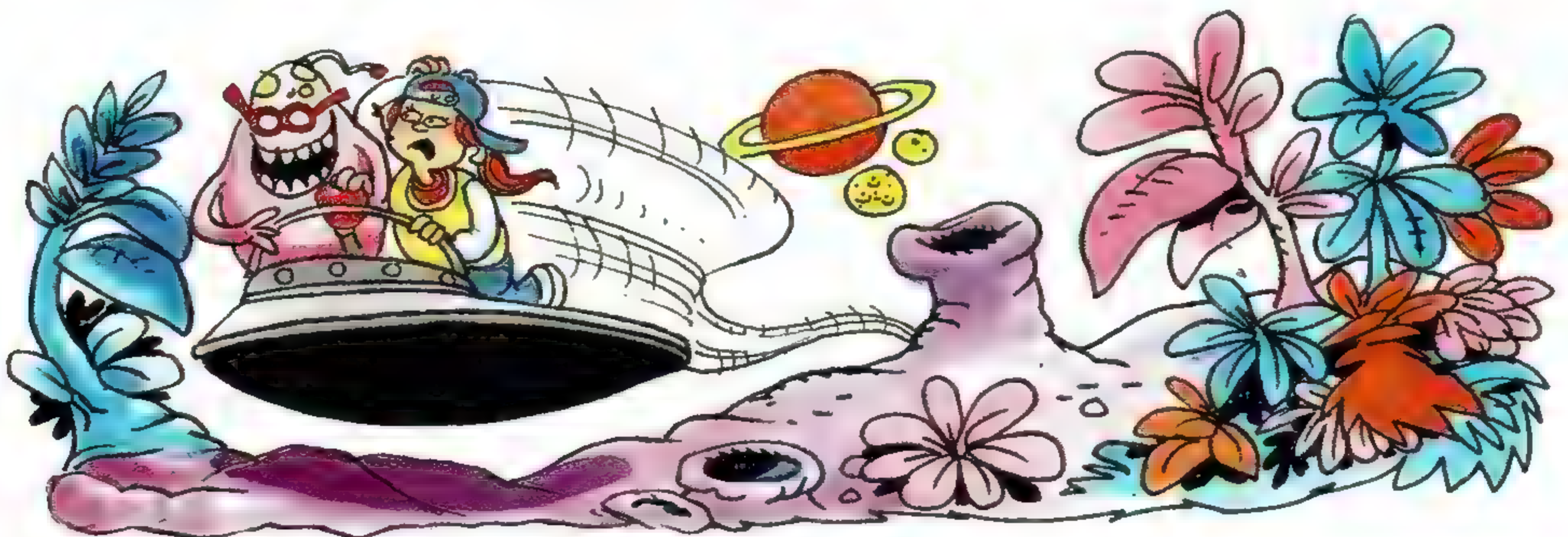
Before she knew it, she found herself in the control room of the saucer, with the weirdest, silliest creatures she had ever seen! They were all running around, working the controls and having a good time. She turned to the man ... but he had become an alien, too! "My name is Zooglie," he said. "But my friends call me Egghead."

They zoomed a million light years through space and before she knew it they were landing on a strange planet. When the saucer doors opened, Molly was greeted with welcome signs and cheers.



Egghead turned to Molly. "I can't wait to show you the planet," he said to her. "C'mon, we've got a lot to see. You were telling me about your grandmother's house and how boring it is, but you won't have to worry about that here. This is the planet of the future."

They all stepped aboard a flying platform and took off, cruising above the planet's surface at breakneck speed. Molly noticed that all the plants had bright, gaudy colors. At first she thought it was pretty, but then she turned to Egghead to ask: "Don't you have anything green?" "Na-a-ah," said Egghead. "That's boring. We've coated all the plants in plastic! Isn't that terrific?" Molly didn't think so. She missed Earth. The only green here was her face, from going so fast.



Egghead landed the flying platform at a typical house on a typical street. "Feel free to look around," he told Molly. "This is how you'll live someday." As Molly walked in the door, a small robot barked at her. "This is our watchdog, Spot. Just pat him on the head," Egghead suggested. "Which one?" Molly asked.

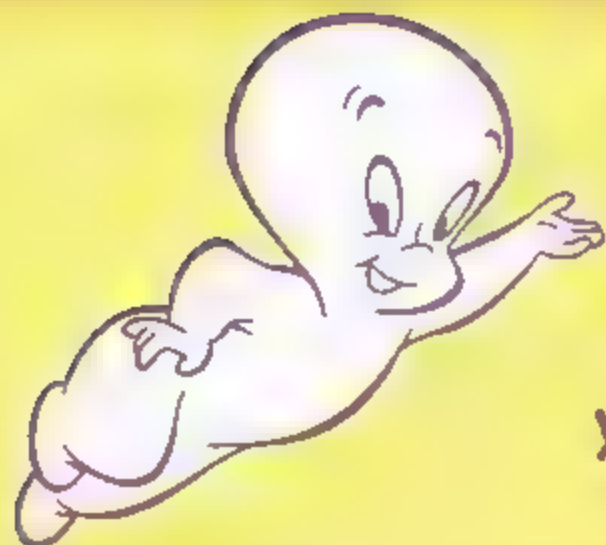


Egghead showed her an entire wall of video screens. "Each house has 5000 channels and 50 screens per room. And you have to watch them all at once because there's so much to see!" Molly started to watch, but her eyes began to cross. "Okay, that's enough TV!" Egghead said after only a few seconds. "Can't waste a moment! Let's go to the kitchen. You must be hungry." He hurried Molly along to the kitchen.

"What would you like to eat?" Egghead asked. "I'd love a tuna fish sandwich," she said. "Oh, we don't have any of that here. I bet I know what you'd like," he said. "A big juicy cheeseburger, right?" "That would be great!" Molly said. "Sorry," Egghead said. "We don't have any of those, either. Here's what we eat."

He handed her a pill in a paper cup. "You'll love that," he said. "It's just like my mom used to make. And no dishes to wash!" As Molly looked at the pill in dismay, he asked: "Would you like me to warm that up?" "No, but I'd like some water," Molly said. Egghead handed her a small bottle. "This is much bet-





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ter than water," he said. "It's called Sweetopia!" Molly tried it ... and almost spit it out. It was way too sweet!

But Egghead hurried her along again to a huge gameroom, with flashing lights, noise, and strange devices zooming around. "Have fun," he said. "I know you won't be bored here! Just dive right in!"

Molly looked around, and she didn't know where to start. It was all just too much. "STOP!" she yelled. "GET ME OUT OF HERE!"

There was a flash — and she was suddenly back aboard the plane, with the man next to her looking concerned. "Just calm down," he said gently. "You'll be at your grandmother's house soon." Now Molly was actually anxious for that quiet, old-fashioned place, with a turkey in the oven, books in the library, and cool, clear water to drink.

The man next to her said, "Hey, I've got something you might enjoy for the rest of the flight. It's a new drink called Sweetopia! Try some. By the way, my name's Headly. E. Headly. You can call me Egg."

Molly's eyes widened as she just looked at him





POP ART IS A TYPE OF ART MADE POPULAR IN THE SIXTIES. IT IS WHEN ARTISTS USE EVERYDAY OBJECTS LIKE HAMBURGERS, CEREAL BOXES, COMICS OR PHOTOS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE AS THEIR SUBJECTS. ANDY WARHOL WAS POSSIBLY THE MOST FAMOUS POP ARTIST. HE DID HUNDREDS OF PAINTINGS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUP CANS!

HERE WE HAVE CREATED OUR OWN POP ART USING THE PHOTOS OF TWO KIDS JUST LIKE YOU—LILY AND SAM. YOU CAN DO IT, TOO! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET A GOOD PHOTO OF YOU OR A FRIEND AND MAKE A BUNCH OF BLACK & WHITE OR COLOR COPIES AT YOUR LOCAL LIBRARY. CHECK OUT THE EASY DIRECTIONS IN THE GRID BELOW AND HEY, YOU'RE A POP ARTIST!



1	2
3	4
5	6

BOX #1: YOU—PLAIN AND SIMPLE.
 BOX #2: DRAW OVER COLOR COPY WITH COLORED PENCILS.
 BOX #3: DRAW OVER COLOR OR BLACK & WHITE COPY WITH BRIGHT COLORED CHALK.
 BOX #4: DRAW OVER COLOR OR B/W COPY WITH NEON MARKERS.
 BOX #5: USING A B/W COPY, COLOR WHATEVER IS LIGHT-COLORED, BLACK. HIGHLIGHT PATTERNS AND FEATURES WITH CRAY-PAS.
 BOX #6: USE A B/W COPY AND MAKE TINY DOTS OF COLOR THROUGHOUT.



BOX #1: PHOTO OF FRIEND

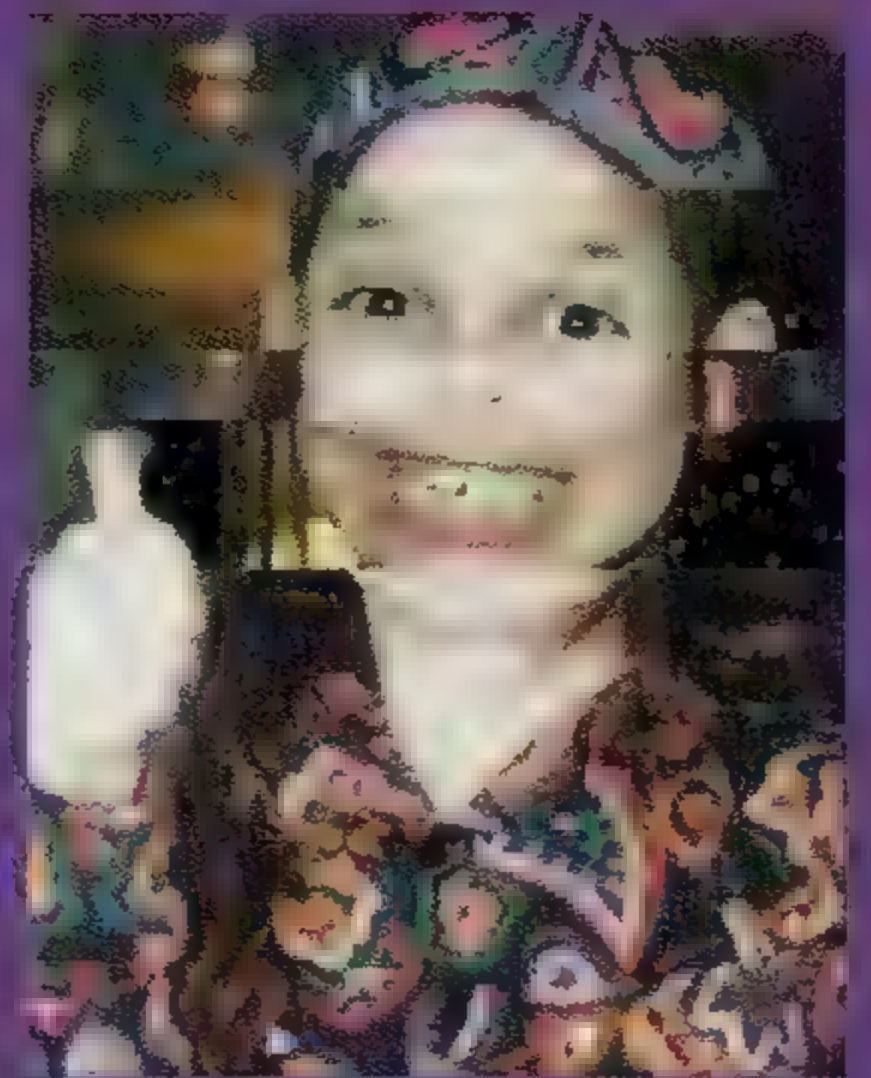
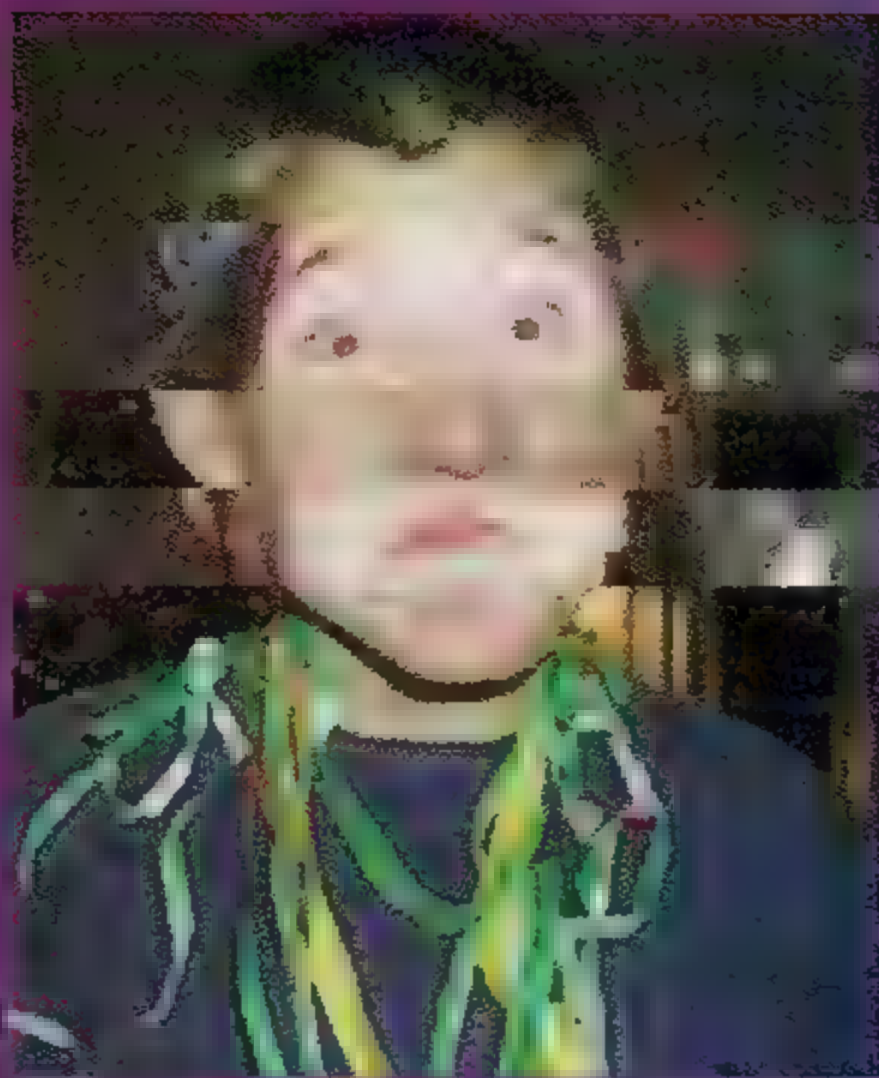
BOX #2: USING A COLOR COPY & CRAYONS, DRAW TEENY CIRCLES. USE LIGHT CRAYONS ON DARK AREAS AND DARK CRAYONS ON LIGHT.

BOX #3: USING A B/W COPY, COLOR OVER IMAGE WITH B/W CHALK OR CHARCOAL.

BOX #4: COLOR A B/W COPY WITH NEON MARKERS.

BOX #5: COVER THE ENTIRE FACE WITH WHITE CRAYON AND HIGHLIGHT WITH COLOR.

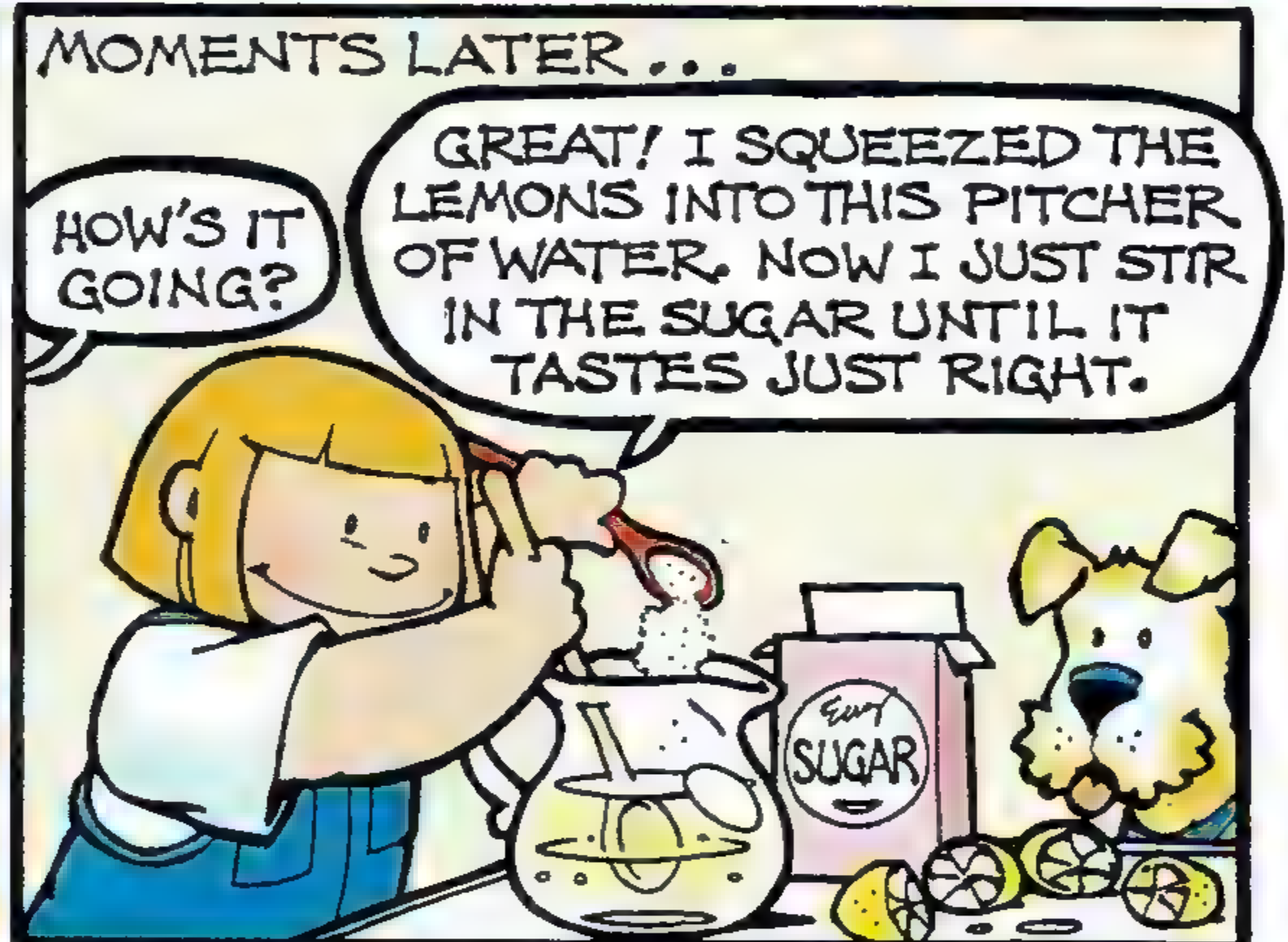
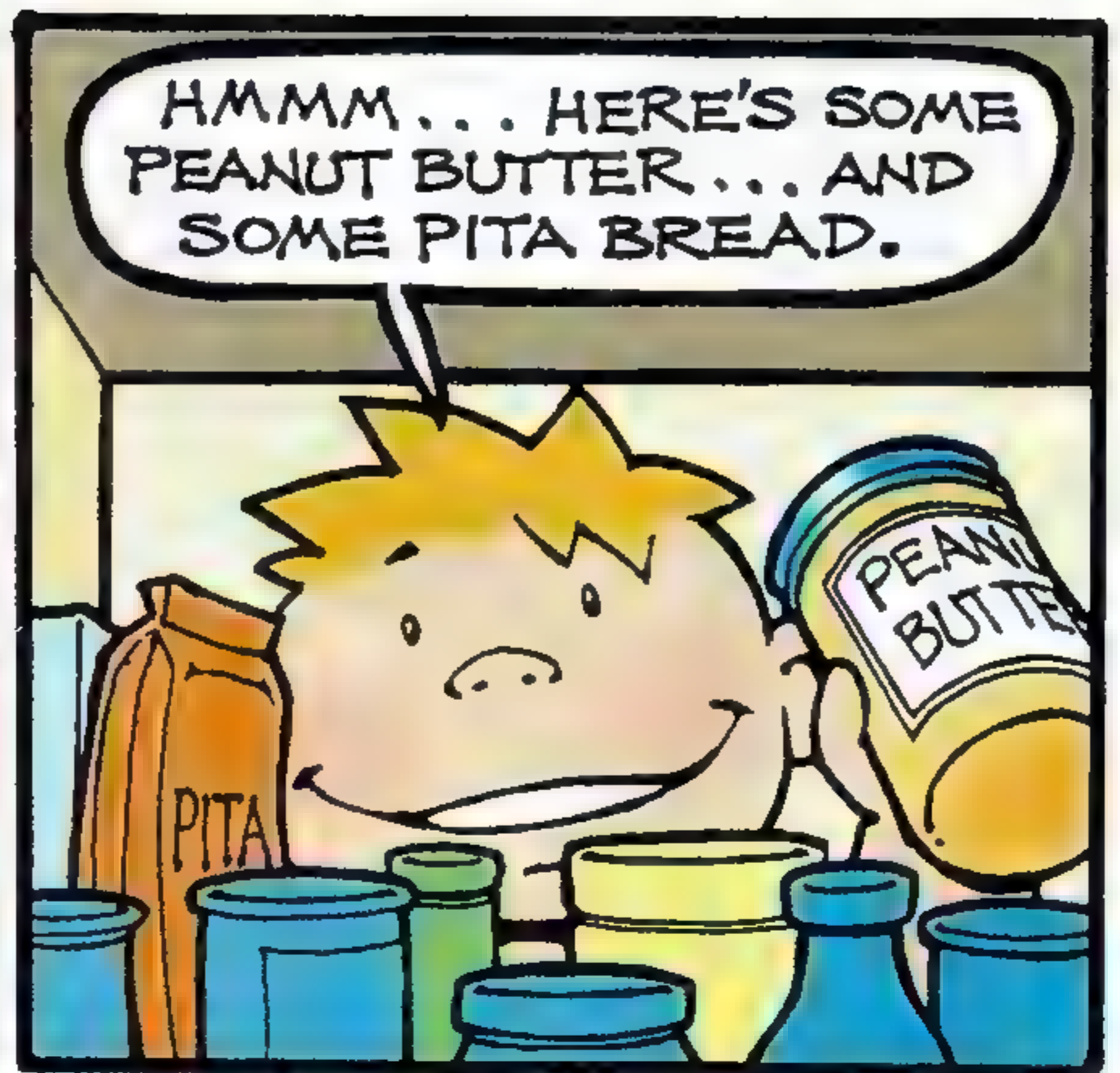
BOX #6: GO NUTS!



WANNA BE FOREVER BOUND TO YOUR BEST PAL? NOW YOU CAN BE. CUT 2" STRIPS HORIZONTALLY ACROSS SAME-SIZED COPIES OF THE TWO OF YOU. NOW MIX AND MATCH YOUR FOREHEADS, EYES, NOSES, MOUTHS AND CHINS. PRETTY FREAKY, HUH?

THE COMPLETELY HOMEMADE ADVENTURES OF 2 Twins Named









IT'S A TREAT TO MIX FOODS TOGETHER TO SEE HOW THEY TASTE. TRY NEW THINGS AND HAVE FUN!

Harvey's Summer Reading List



Summertime. The word conjures up thoughts of swimming and hiking and bike riding. But in between all of that good stuff, why not pour yourself a tall glass of lemonade, cool off and read! (You know, just because school's out doesn't mean you have to stop reading!) Here is a sampling of books we especially liked. Many of them are brand new; some are over 100 years old! Either way they can be found at libraries or bookstores and we know you're gonna love them!

PICTURE BOOKS FOR ALL AGES

The Bat Boy & His Violin, by Curtis/Lewis

Grandma Summer, by Jessup

Jon's Moon, by Vendrell

Katie Meets the Impressionists, by Meyhew

Last Licks, by Best/Palmisciano

Miss Viola and Uncle Ed Lee, by Duncan/Stock



My Man Blue, by Grimes/Lagarrigue

Nova's Ark, by Kirk

Old Jake's Skirts, by Scott/Slonim

The Sand Children, by Dunbar/Edwards

The Scrambled States of America, by Keller

Something Nice to See, by Gardner/Hamlin

The Tale I Told Sasha, by Willard/Christiana

The Three Golden Oranges, by

Ada/Cartwright

The Waiting Place, by Sutherland



NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES TO READ OR HAVE READ TO YOU!

A Handful of Beans, by Steig/Steig
The Diary of Chickabiddy Baby, by Kallok
Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone, by Rowling
The Islander, by Ryland
Half Magic, by Eager
The Other Ones, by Thesman
Radiance Descending, by Fox
Spaceman, by Cutler



Early Reads

Earthsearch, by Cassidy
Pollution and Waste, by Morgan/Harlow
The Reader's Digest Children's Atlas of the World
The Top 10 of Everything 1999, by Ash



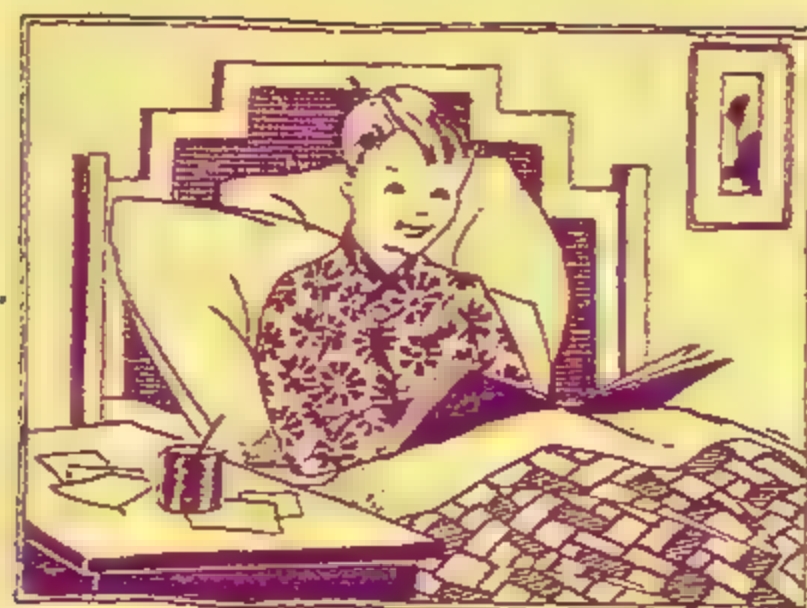
Donna's Books

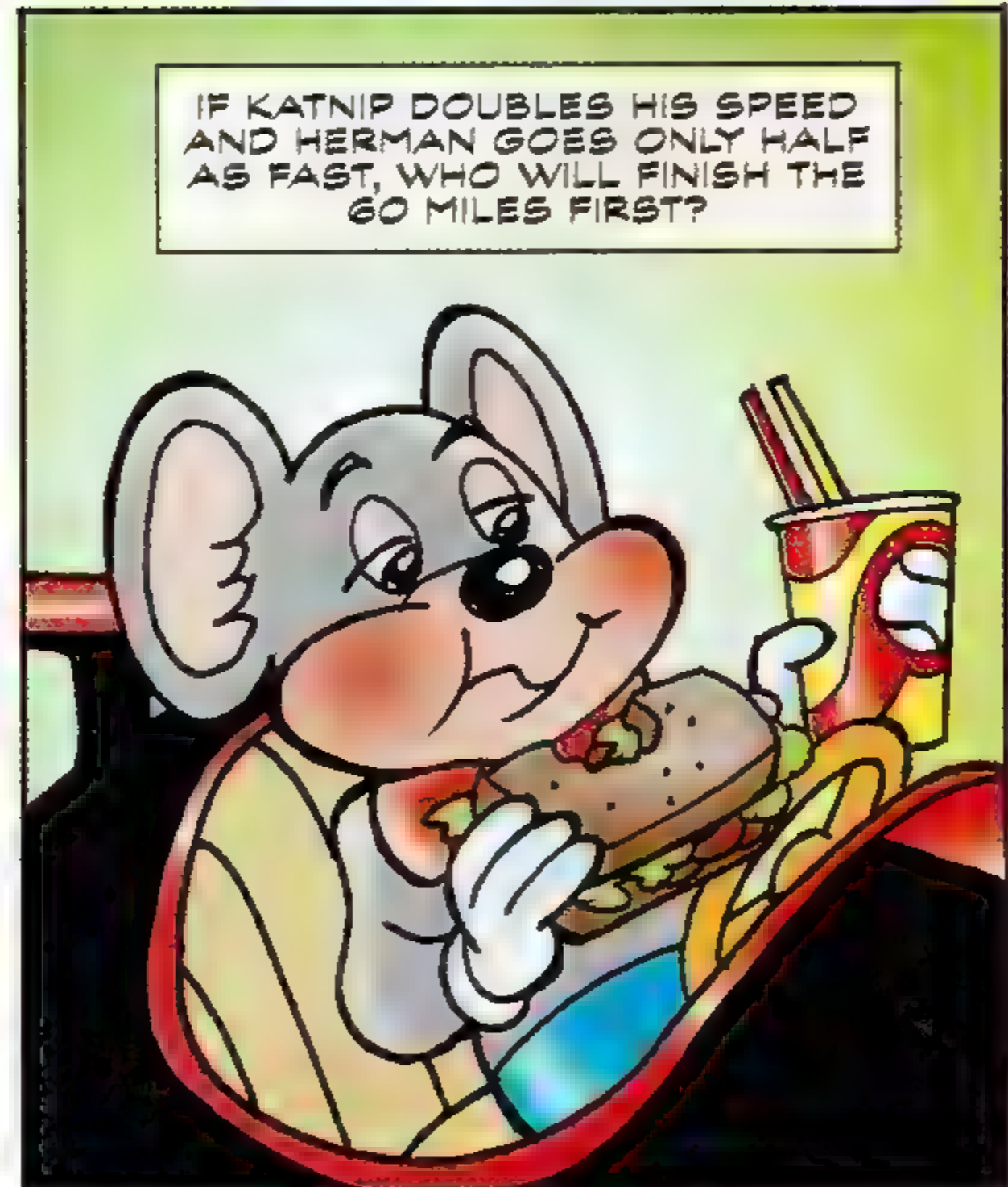
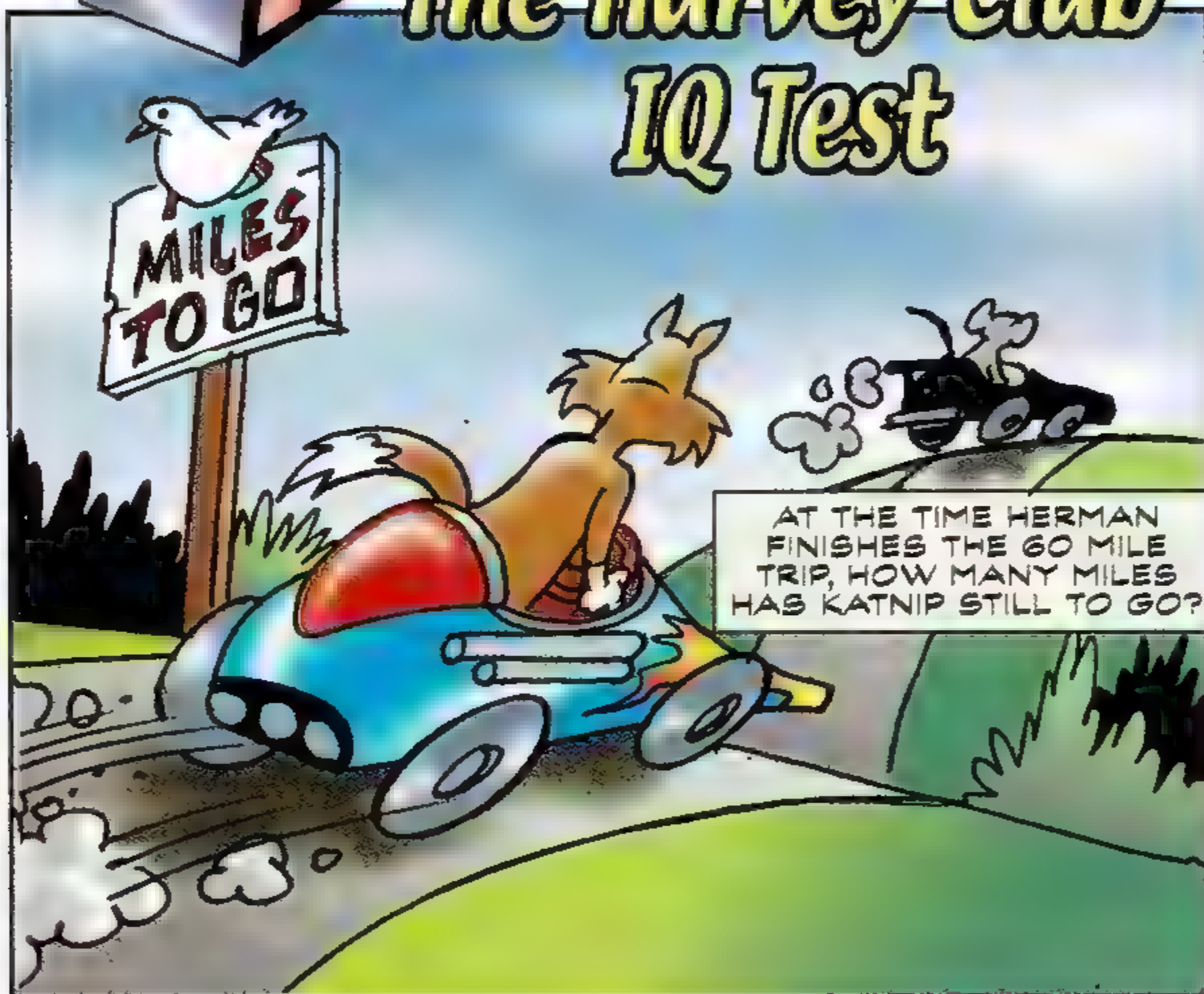
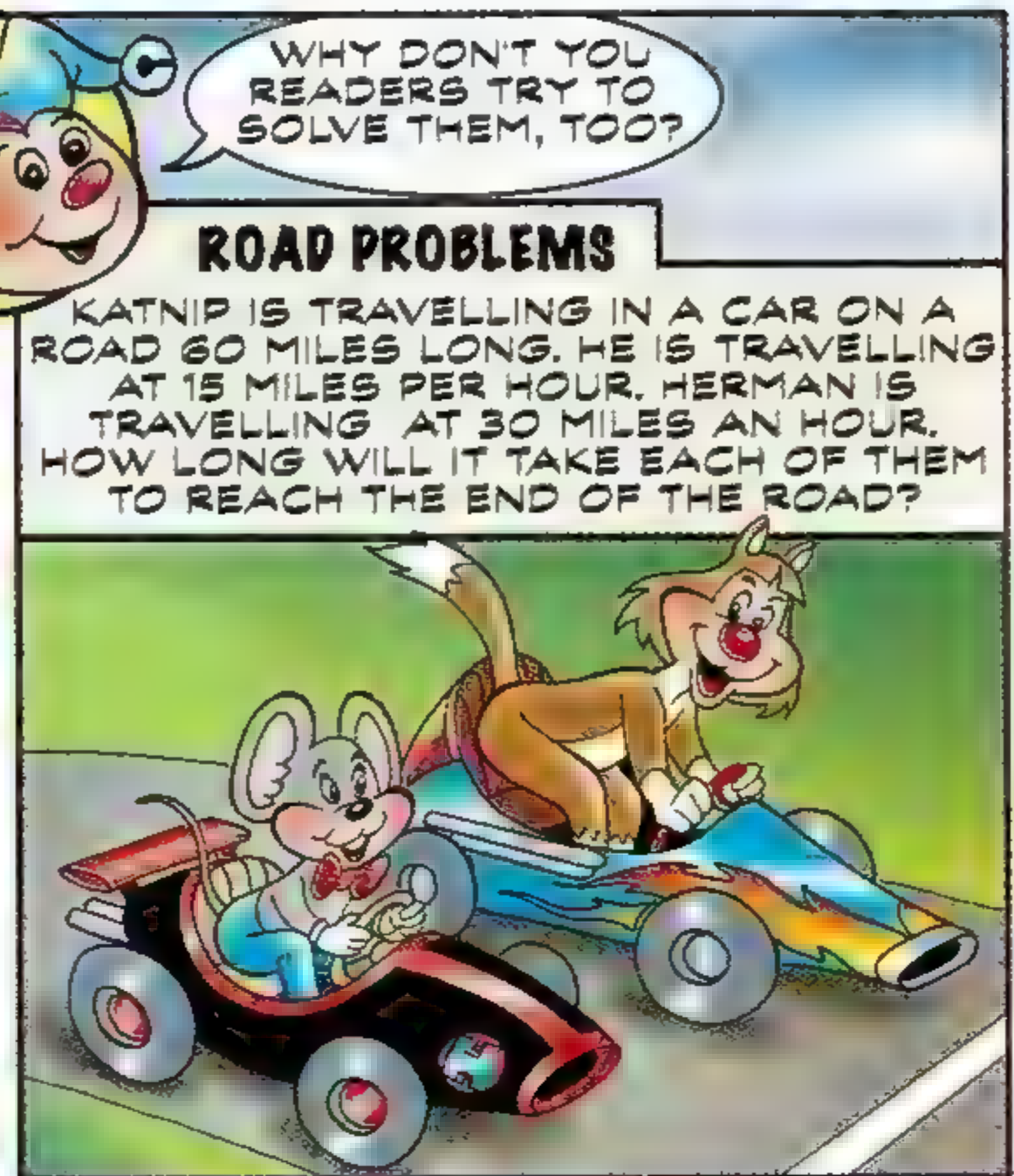
The Araboolies of Liberty Street, by Swope/Root
Dinosaur Bob, by William Joyce
Harriet the Spy, by Fitzhugh
Hooray for Diffendoofer Day, Seuss/Prelutsky/Smith
Wilfred Gordon McDonald Partridge, by Fox/Vivas
Miss Rumphius, by Barbara Cooney



Recommended Reading and Classics

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,
by Carroll
Charlie and the Chocolate Factory,
by Dahl/Schindelman
Charlotte's Web, by White/Williams
The Cricket in Times Square,
by Selden/Williams
Eloise, by Thompson/Knight
*From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil
E. Frankweiler*, by Konigsburg
The Jungle Book, by Kipling
The Little Prince, by De Saint-Exupery
Mary Poppins, by Travers
The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood,
by Pyle
The Secret Garden,
by Hodgson Burnett
The Velveteen Rabbit,
by Williams/Nicholson
Where the Wild Things Are,
by Sendak
Winnie the Pooh, by Milne/Shepard



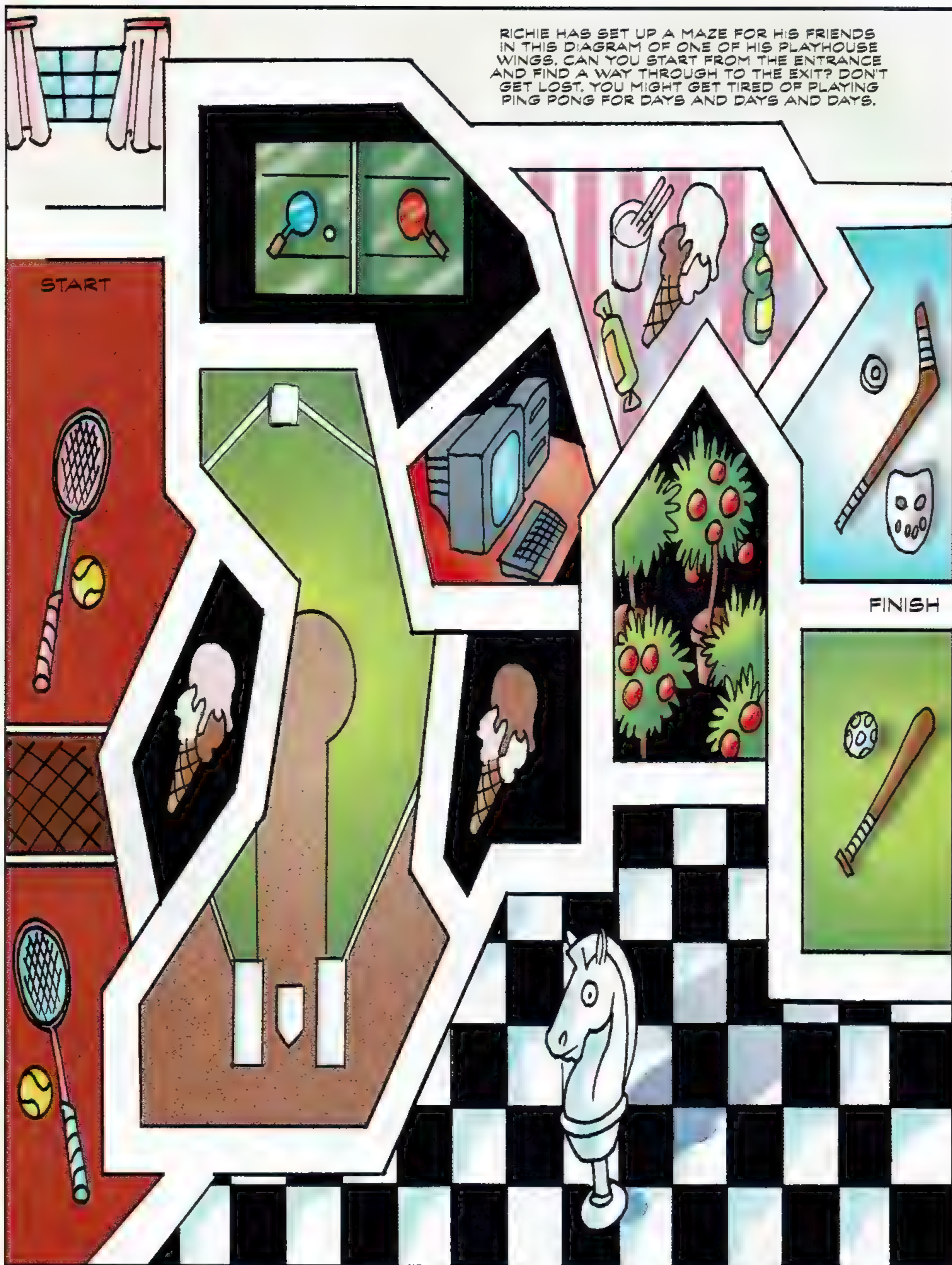


The names of 11 Harvey characters are hidden in this word search. They are going in all crazy directions. Can you find them?

T	U	S	F	J	V	J	Y	R	D	L	I	I	I	M	N
S	V	L	Y	E	Y	Y	K	O	O	P	S	X	H	D	T
T	X	R	I	C	H	I	E	D	T	W	Q	A	D	O	W
O	R	I	W	B	Q	C	A	T	N	I	R	V	B	C	A
H	S	H	E	R	M	A	N	J	M	T	J	X	H	R	J
T	B	O	N	Q	U	S	U	H	O	T	S	T	U	F	F
E	W	E	D	N	Y	P	A	D	X	L	A	D	E	O	O
P	Q	U	Y	R	I	E	G	H	R	C	O	D	Y	V	F
S	P	L	O	T	E	R	B	R	W	E	N	T	D	C	T
A	T	N	I	R	I	C	I	E	D	O	Y	K	T	R	O
C	A	S	R	O	O	K	A	T	N	I	P	E	R	A	H

Answers are on page 37. Don't peek until you're done!

RICHIE HAS SET UP A MAZE FOR HIS FRIENDS IN THIS DIAGRAM OF ONE OF HIS PLAYHOUSE WINGS. CAN YOU START FROM THE ENTRANCE AND FIND A WAY THROUGH TO THE EXIT? DON'T GET LOST. YOU MIGHT GET TIRED OF PLAYING PING PONG FOR DAYS AND DAYS AND DAYS.



WHERE'S _____?



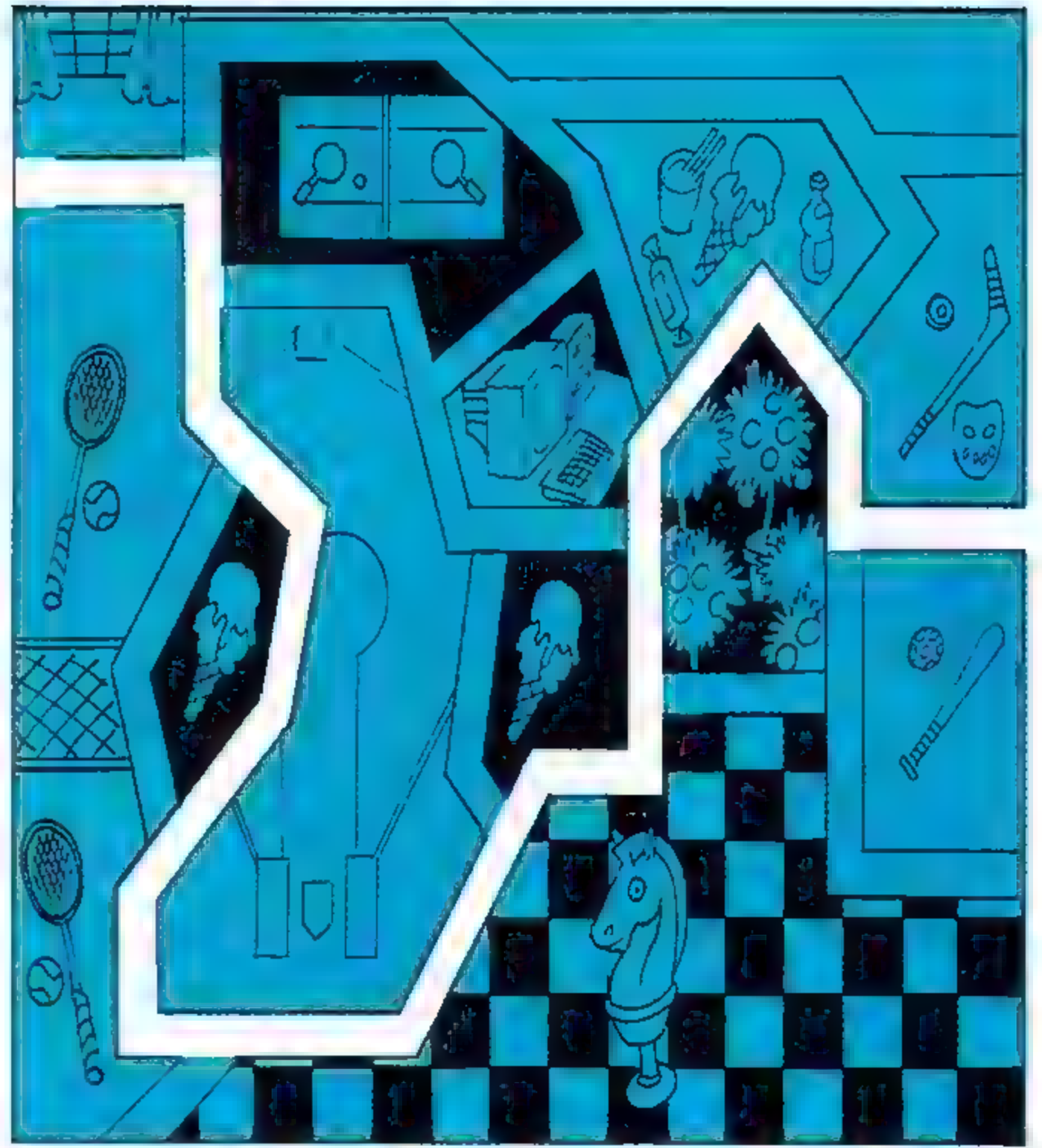
WHERE'S _____? IS A DOUBLE TROUBLE PUZZLE. THE FIRST PART IS TO FIND OUT WHO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!

HERE ARE THE CLUES... THE NAME OF THE FAMOUS HARVEY CHARACTER HAS THE SAME AMOUNT OF LETTERS AS A HEXAGON HAS POINTS. HOW MANY LETTERS IS THAT? NOW WHO ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?




IT TAKES KATNIP 4 HOURS AND HERMAN ONLY 2!
 KATNIP STILL HAS 30 MILES TO GO!
 THIS TIME KATNIP WILL BE TRAVELLING 30 MILES
 PER HOUR AND HERMAN ONLY 15 MILES PER
 HOUR. KATNIP WOULD WIN BY 30 MILES!

N	T	W	A	J	F	O	F	T	O	H
M	D	O	C	R	F	O	V	C	R	A
I	H	D	B	H	U	E	Y	D	T	R
I	X	A	V	X	T	D	D	T	K	E
I	S	Q	R	J	S	A	O	N	Y	P
L	P	W	I	T	T	L	C	E	O	I
D	O	T	N	M	O	X	R	W	D	N
R	O	D	T	J	H	D	H	R	E	T
Y	K	E	A	N	U	A	G	B	I	A
J	Y	I	C	A	S	P	E	R	C	K
V	Y	H	Q	M	U	Y	I	E	I	O
J	E	C	B	R	Q	N	R	T	R	O
F	Y	I	W	E	N	D	Y	O	I	R
S	L	R	I	H	O	E	U	L	N	S
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T	S	T	O	H	T	E	P	S	A	C



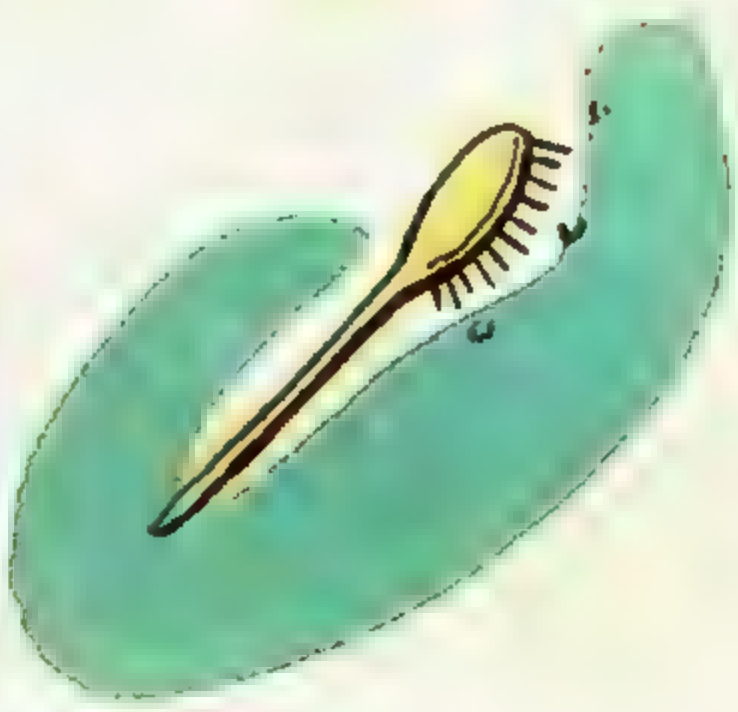
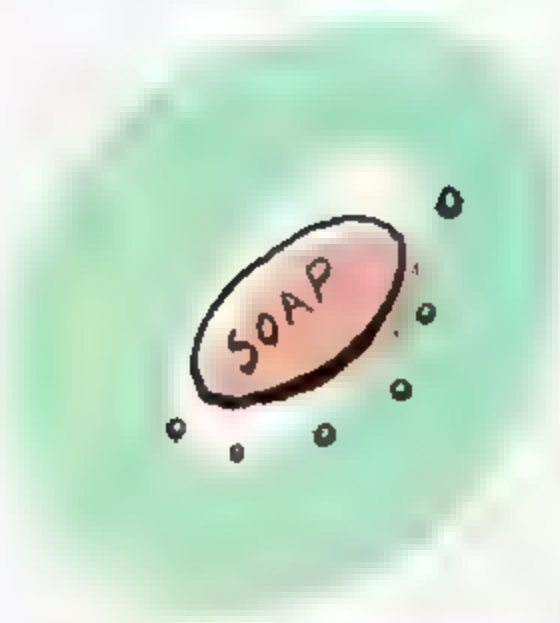
The
HARVEY
 Club



has mastered all parts of the H.C.I.Q.
 test and is officially declared a member
 in good standing.

Baby Huey
 Baby Huey
 Chairman

Casper
 Casper
 President



Stinky and the Skunk

by Eric Head and Ken Langridge • Illustrated by Elizabeth Harbour

Dear Readers,

Stinky and the Skunk might be a bit different from other stories you've read. Next to certain words you'll notice a little number, which matches another number and a brief note at the bottom of the page. These are called footnotes. Footnotes give writers a way to explain certain passages, and also to cram more lame jokes into the story without making it longer. We hope you enjoy them.



Once upon a time, stories like this didn't always begin with the phrase "once upon a time." But this isn't one of those times. Because once upon a time there really was a young girl named Stinky.

Stinky wasn't her real name, of course. It didn't appear on her birth certificate, or on her report cards. And when she had a birthday party the cake didn't read, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, STINKY!" But Stinky was her nickname. At least, it became her nickname. And for one very pungent reason...Stinky hated baths.

Now, "hate" is a pretty strong word. But when it came to baths, Stinky absolutely, positively, undeniably, unequivocally hated them. Period. With a capital "P"...or a small dot, either one.

Do you know how some kids hate broccoli? ¹ Or how other kids hate those itchy little hairs you get down your back after a haircut? Or how other kids hate bubble gum? Okay, not many kids hate bubble gum, but you get the idea. Well, that's how Stinky hated baths.

It seemed like whenever she took a bath soap suds got in her mouth...and if you hate broccoli, you're sure to hate the taste of soap suds. And shampoo dripped down into her

1. Tips for eating broccoli: Apply mashed potatoes liberally to plate. Gently break off broccoli stalks and place randomly in mashed potato base to resemble miniature forest. Pretend you are a Broccoliosaurus from the early Jurassic Period grazing on vegetation...Enjoy!

eyes...and I don't care if it is "no more tears" formula, it still stings! And her skin got all shrivelly, and made her fingertips look like the dehydrated apricots her mom always tried to pass off as a "snack."

So after giving it serious thought, she decided enough was enough. "No more baths for me!" vowed Stinky. Of course, at that time she wasn't called Stinky yet. That came several days and several tricks later.

Each day Stinky would play with her friends—running and jumping and doing all the things most kids her age like to do. And each night when she went home, Stinky's parents would send her upstairs to take a B-A-T-H...and even though Stinky wasn't the world's greatest speller, she still knew a four-letter word when she heard one.

At first it was pretty easy to fool her mom and dad. Stinky just closed the bathroom door, let some water run in the tub for a few minutes, then went to her room to play. "All right!" she thought. "I've got this bath business all figured out!"

And so, the next morning Stinky was out the door for another fun-filled day of capture the flag, football and manhunt. And what a day it was! Stinky hid ten times in the same place and didn't get found once. Of course, who else would have thought to hide in a hole that went underneath the neighbor's doghouse? Frosty the Siberian husky spent a whole week digging that hole, and it was still a tight fit. "Good thing he's a husky instead of a Chihuahua," she thought.

But when Stinky got home that night she needed another good place to hide, because Stinky's dad was seeking answers about her non-baths.

"Little lady," Dad said, "would you like to explain how you took a bath last night and didn't get any towels wet?"

Uh-oh!

Stinky felt like whistling as her eyes glanced around the room, until she remembered she hadn't learned how to whistle yet. ²

2. Caution: Whistling in church, school, or during dad's favorite TV show may result in annoyed looks, throat clearing, and eventual disciplinary action.



"Caught you, didn't I?" her dad said. "I'll bet you took a bath and dried off with your dirty clothes. Well, sister, for that you can just run right upstairs and take another bath," said her dad. "And this time, use a towel!"

"Piece of cake!" Stinky thought on her way upstairs. "I'll just toss a couple of towels in the tub, and maybe a washcloth for good measure. Then I'll turn on the water for a few minutes, and I'm outta here! That'll work."

And she was. And it did.

The next morning began another day filled with biking, skateboarding and soccer. And though Stinky's team lost the match, she made several diving saves as goalkeeper, and even scored twice on a penalty kick and a header.

But there weren't many "kicks" waiting for her when Stinky reached home. This time, both her mom and dad confronted her about the "B" word...and I don't mean bass fishing.

"Young lady," her mom began, "this is the bar of soap from your bathroom."

Uh-oh!

"Does it look familiar?" her dad asked. Stinky did vaguely recognize it.

"Can you explain why it's 99 and 44/100ths percent unused?" her mom asked.

As Stinky stared at the cameo etched on the pink bar of soap, she remembered she still hadn't learned how to whistle. So she resorted to humming while her eyes searched the room for a good answer.

"I suggest you use this in your bath tonight," her mom said. "And use a towel, too," her dad added.

The list of details began to form in Stinky's head as she thundered up the stairs, her heels hammering her mock disapproval with each step.

"Let's see now," she thought.

This bath stuff was a little more complicated than she first imagined, but she could handle it.

Closing the bathroom door behind her, Stinky mentally ticked off the details.

Run water in the tub..."Check!"

Toss in bar of soap..."Check!"

Get towels and washcloth wet..."Check!"

Lightly dampen bangs and ends of hair..."Check!"

It was foolproof. A lock. Genius. She had bravely marched into the Battle of the

Baths, and she had emerged unbowed and undoused. She was victorious...almost.

Now, at this point, will everyone who remembers the title of this story please raise their hand? Okay. Now we're going to find out why it's called *Stinky and the Skunk*.³

The next day was what Stinky called Day 4 A.B.

(After Baths). The days of taking baths were history, as far as she was concerned. Oh, she still had to wash her hands and face every day. But baths? No way! They just didn't fit into her master plan.

Not all plans work out just the way you want, though. And on Day 4 A.B. Stinky began to realize this.

It started with basketball. When team captains were decided she could hear kids on both sides whispering something about her. A couple were giggling, too. And then, a playground basket-

ball first happened. When they chose up teams...no one picked Stinky. She didn't know why, because she was one of the best players in the whole group.

"Hmmm. I guess that's the way the roundball bounces," she thought.

Oh, well. There was always dodgeball. That was fun because there was no limit on how many kids could play. But dodgeball didn't last very long, either. For some strange reason, none of the other kids would stand anywhere near her, which made Stinky an easier target than Road Runner at a coyote convention. And it seemed like whoever got the ball always took aim at Stinky first. Some of the players even cheered whenever she got hit. And every time, she was the first one out of the game.

"Hmmm. I guess dodgeball isn't so much fun after all," she thought.

Ah, but hide-and-seek...now there was a game she had mastered. When it came to hiding in clever places where no one could find her, Stinky wrote the book. At least she planned on writing the book, just as soon as she learned cursive writing a little better.

But to her amazement, the impossible



3. Actually, *Stinky and the Skunk* has gone through several rewrites. Some early working titles that were rejected as the story developed include: *Putrid and the Bunny* (too graphic)...*Stinky and the Deadly Venomous African Spitting Cobra* (too wordy)...*Gee, Your Hare Smells Terrific* (too commercial)...and *The Velveteen Rabbit* (already taken).



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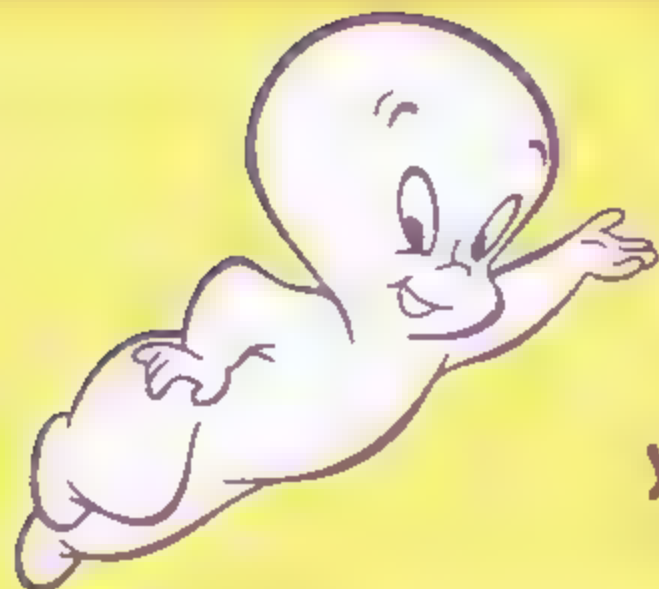
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happened. No matter where she hid, she was the first one to be found every time. They found her in the ivy, under the picnic table, behind the oak tree...even in the hole under Frosty's doghouse!

"Hmmm. Maybe I'm losing my touch," she thought.

As hide-and-seek ended, though, she soon learned differently. Looking for a future hiding spot, Stinky poked around in a flowering lilac bush. Crouched among the fragrant blossoms, she listened as several of the hide-and-seek gang walked by.

"Boy, was she ever easy to find," said one kid.

"Yeah, just follow your nose," laughed another.

"Next time we ought to make Stinky the all-time seeker," said another.

"Stinky?" she thought to herself.

"They call me Stinky? Follow your nose? What do they mean by that?" She tried to make sense of it all, but just couldn't put two and two together, thanks in part to recent cut-backs in government funding of Public Broadcasting.

Having had enough un-fun and games for awhile, she decided to take a walk in the woods behind her development. "At least nothing could go wrong there," she thought to herself. Unfortunately, this was just one of those days.

While walking along a creek looking for stones to skip, she stumbled upon the one animal in the woods that absolutely no one ever wants to stumble upon...a skunk! Stinky froze in her tracks, which isn't easy on a hot summer day.

"Oh, no," she said to herself. "After this I'll probably be called Stinky for the rest of my life!"

But this skunk looked different from the pictures she'd seen in her animal books. This skunk was black, alright, and it had that familiar white stripe down its

back. But instead of a big tail and little ears, it had big ears and a little tail.

"Are you really a skunk?" Stinky asked.

"Well, I look like a skunk. And I smell like a skunk. And if it's true that we're judged by the company we keep, then I guess that would pretty much make me a skunk," said the skunk.

"Oh, yeah?" Stinky said. "Well, if you're really a skunk, then what's up with those big ears of yours?"

"Better to hear you with, my dear," said the skunk.

"And if you're really a skunk, then why such a little tail?"

"Better to, uh...better to...alright, you got me. I'm not really a skunk," said the imposter. "I'm really just a dirty little bunny with a clean stripe down my back." ⁴

"I knew it!" said Stinky. "Nice job trying to scare me, Mister Bunny, but it didn't work. So there!"

And with that, Stinky turned and started to walk away. But from behind, she heard a heavy sigh. Looking over her shoulder she saw the bunny with his dirty little face buried in his dirty little paws. She stopped and went back.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"What's wrong?" the bunny said.

"Which would you rather be, a cute little bunny rabbit that people like to pick up and cuddle and feed lettuce to and pet between his little ears and say 'awwww' or a skunk?"

Stinky thought for a moment. "Yeah, I'd have to go with the bunny thing," she agreed.

"Okay. So now you know what's wrong," the bunny said.

"But how did you ever get this

way?" Stinky asked.

"Well, this is going to sound stupid," said the bunny. "No, not just stupid, but really, really stupid. It's going to sound so stupid, that..."

"So get on with it already!" Stinky said.

"Alright, listen to this. I was so stupid, I decided to



4. Okay, we confess — conveniently placing a clean stripe down the back of a totally dirty bunny just so he looks like a skunk is a bit of a stretch. But keep in mind, if it weren't for that little plot twist you'd be reading *Stinky and the Deadly Venomous African Spitting Cobra* right now. Doesn't seem quite so bad anymore, does it?

stop taking baths! Can you imagine anything more stupid than that?"

Though Stinky still couldn't whistle nervously, she tried anyway.

"Well, can you?" the bunny asked again.

"Uh, nope. Heh-heh, that's just plain dumb," Stinky said, trying to cover her embarrassment.

"You know, living out here in the woods, it doesn't take long to get dirty," the bunny said. "And after awhile you actually start to smell kind of...well, gamey. And for an animal, that's saying something. But I got it in my head that I just didn't want to take baths anymore. So I didn't."

"And did all your little bunny friends start treating you funny, and did they stop playing with you?" asked Stinky.

"Yeah. That's why I live with the skunks now. How'd you know?" asked the bunny.

"Heh, wild guess," Stinky said. "But if you'd rather be a bunny again, why don't you just take a bath?"

"That's the problem," said the bunny. "It's been so long since I've taken one, I don't know how to get clean anymore. I tried splashing around in puddles, I tried standing out in the rain, one time I even got licked by a big slobbery cow. And look at me...I'm still so dirty I'd embarrass a dung beetle."

"Don't worry, Mister Bunny," Stinky said. "I know how to take a bath. And trust me—if you don't do it right it can get a little complicated. But I'll show you how. And then you can go back to being a cute little bunny rabbit again."

"That would be great!" the bunny said. "You know, it sure would be good to see the old gang again."

"First, we'll need lots of water," Stinky said.

"We can use the creek!" said the bunny.

"And we'll need a wash cloth," Stinky added.

"Maybe a big leaf would work!" the bunny suggested.

"And we'll need soap."

The bunny was silent.

"Hello? Don't you have anything we can use for soap?" Stinky asked.

"Don't ask me. You're the bath expert," the bunny reminded.

"Oh...yeah," Stinky said. "Well, I can run home and get some. And I'll bring back some bubble bath, and

some shampoo, and some powder, and a towel, too."

"Wow! I bet I'll be the cleanest, nicest smelling bunny in the whole woods!" the excited little bunny said. "This sounds like fun."

"Well, it's not quite as much fun as kickball, or tag, or hide-and-seek," Stinky pointed out from her own experience, "but taking a bath isn't really so bad," she admitted. "Now you wait here, and I'll be right back in two shakes of a bunny's tail."

But just then, an owl flew down from his perch and sailed past Stinky and the bunny. And not just your average screech owl, or even a good-sized barn owl. No, no—this was a great horned owl...*Bubo virginianus*... and a 23-inch male in full adult plumage at that.

"An owl!" cried the bunny, too terrified to specify it by genus and species. "Run!"

And with that, he turned his dirty little tail and hopped off into the woods just as fast as his dirty little legs could go.

"Wait! Come back!" Stinky yelled. "You need to take a bath!"

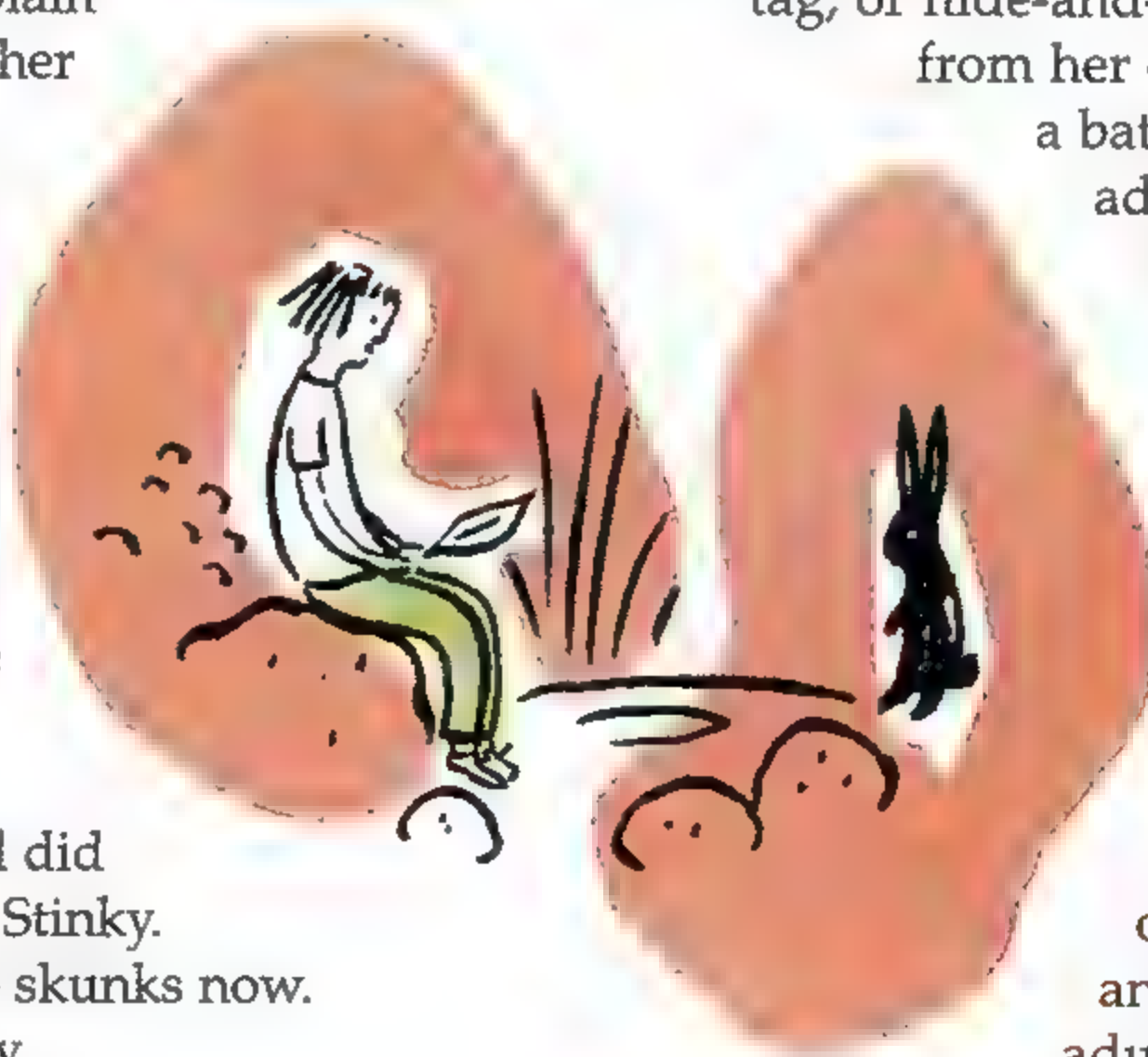
But he was gone. Stinky waited and waited for the rest of the day, but the dirty little bunny never came back. And so with evening approaching, Stinky walked sadly back to her house.

When she finally got home, supper was waiting for her on the table. But Stinky wasn't very hungry. As she nibbled on some lettuce she thought about the little friend she had met in the woods. And after dinner, Stinky pushed herself from the table, stood up, and said, "I think I'll go take a bath."

And she did. And thereafter, she was never called Stinky again. In fact, whenever people talked about her, they always mentioned one thing...she was always as clean as a whistle.

THE END ⁵

5. If you've just reached these words and you're wondering whatever became of the dirty little bunny, frankly, we don't know, either. Though he never did take a bath, the bunny helped Stinky learn an important lesson. As for his whereabouts, every year we check our Easter eggs for dirty little paw prints. If you ever happen to see one, you'll have your answer.



THE ADVENTURES OF THE **TEENIE WEENIES**

by **William Donahy**

The Adventures of the Teenie Weenies was the first of a series of books published in the 1920s by Rand McNally. That's almost 80 years ago! They were popular tales of tiny people who were not much bigger than your pinky. Gogo, Henry and their friends lived beneath a rosebush and existed much the way we all do—except, of course, we don't have to worry about being stepped on.

WHERE THE **TEENIE WEENIES LIVE**



The Teenie Weenies are a very tiny little people. The Teenie Weenie children are about half an inch in height, and the older Teenie Weenies are from two and a half to three inches tall. Paddy Pinn is the tallest one and he really is a Teenie Weenie giant, for he stands four inches in his stocking feet.

The little folks are so small that a lead pencil is to them a great log, and a clothespin will keep the tiny fireplace burning for some time. A large teacup would almost hold the entire family, and they could go swimming all at once in a wash basin.

A potato will keep the Teenie Weenies supplied for several months, while one grain of rice will make one of the little people a square meal. Two baked lima beans will make a meal for the whole family and, a thimbleful of butter will last a week.

The Teenie Weenies are so small that big people would hardly notice them, and the little folks have to be careful to keep out of their way.

The Teenie Weenies live in an old shoe. They have built on a kitchen, and a roof covers the top of the shoe. An old hat is used by the little people for a schoolhouse and quarters for the army. On top of the hat is a tiny bell which is used for a school bell and also as a fire alarm. On the second floor of the hat the army keeps its uniforms and guns, and here the little soldiers drill one night every week.

The Teenie Weenies have many tiny tools and they store all these useful



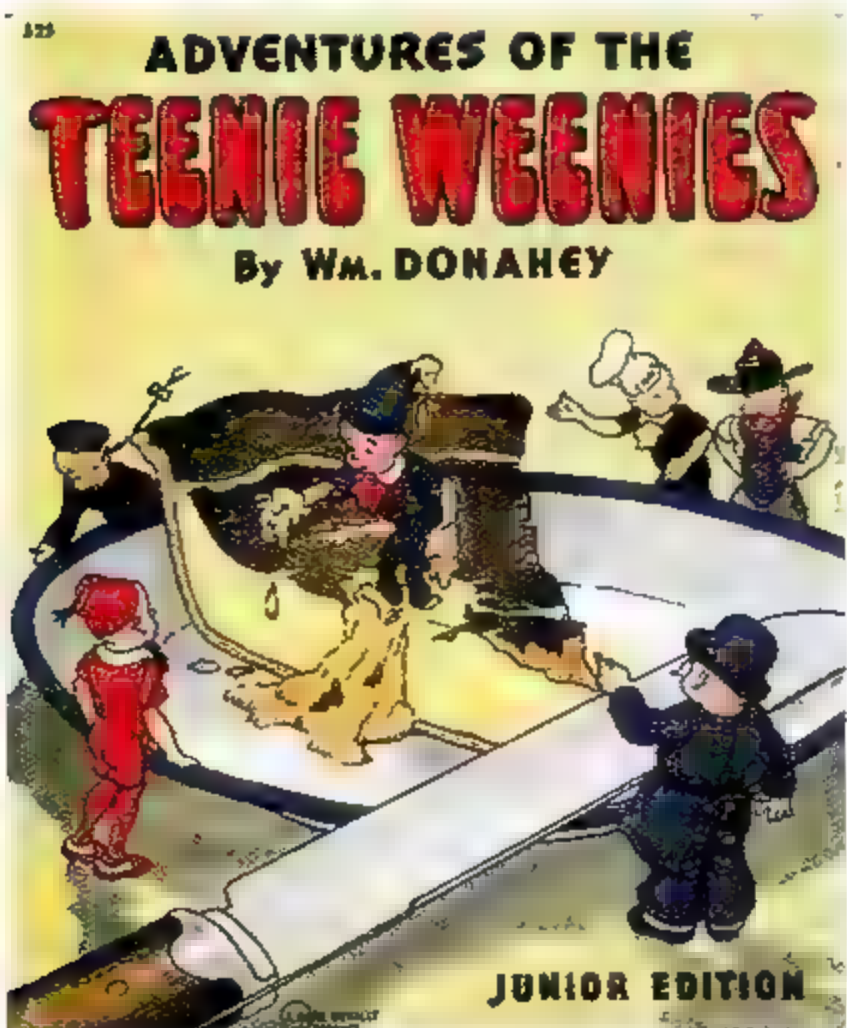
things in an old tin can. There is a workbench in the can, and here the men make things and mend the furniture. The shoe-house in which most of the Teenie Weenies live is quite crowded, so one corner of the toolhouse has been made into a comfortable home for Paddy Pinn and Gogo.

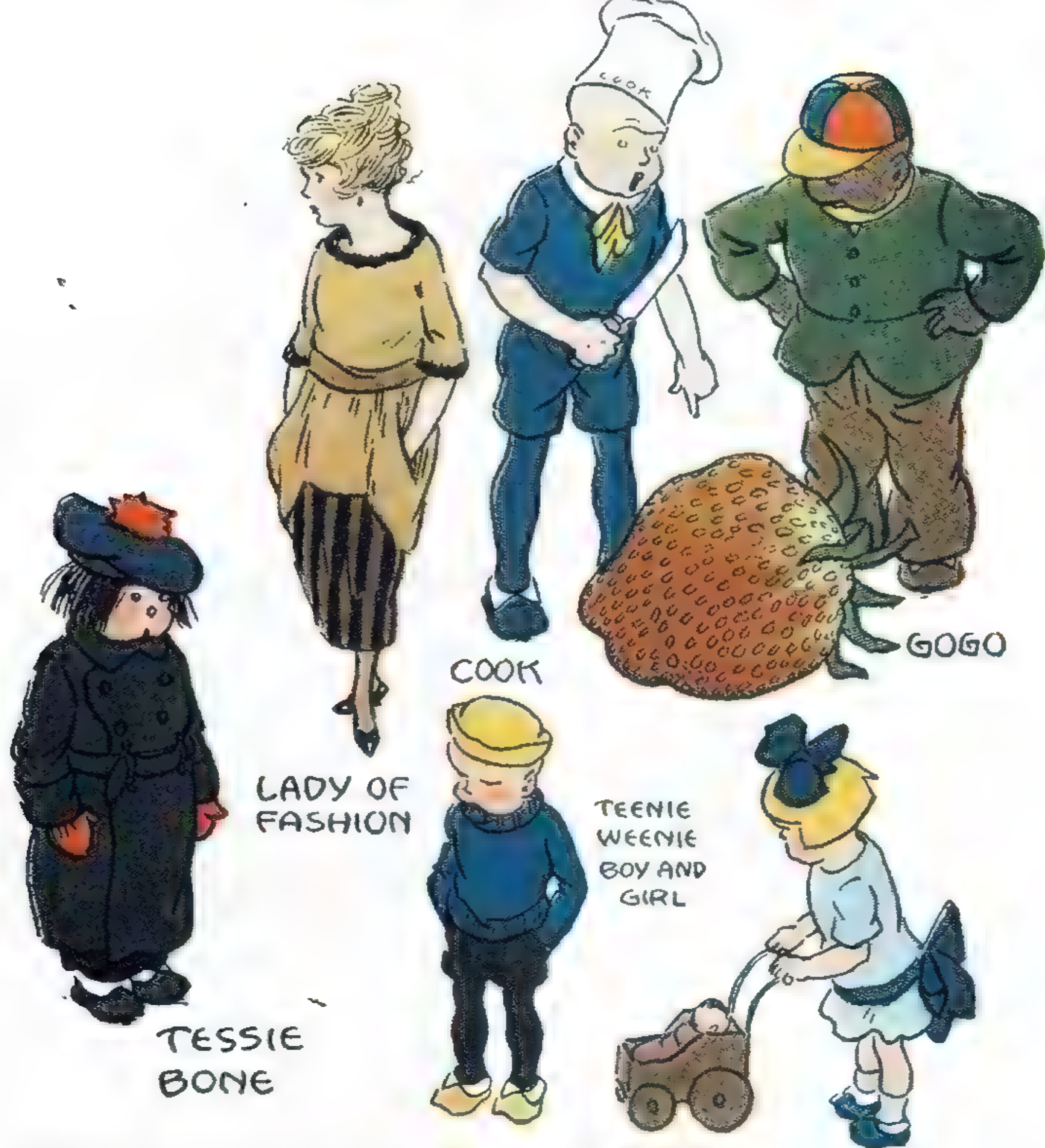
An old teapot has been made into a laundry, and here Henry and Zip live and do the family washing each week. The little folks have made a cigar box into a wonderful hospital, and there the Doctor lives.

Mr. and Mrs. Lover have their own home and live with their two children, who are twins, in a baby shoe which has been made into a beautiful bungalow.

All of these tiny buildings are close to each other under a certain rosebush, and there the little folks live happily together.

The Teenie Weenies ask that the place where they live shall not be told, as they are afraid curious folks might come around to see them. "Not that we wouldn't like to have big people visit us," they say, "but, you see, being so little we might get trampled on, and that would be quite the end of us."





INTRODUCING THE TEENIE WEENIES

The General is the head of the Teenie Weenie family. He is very kind and wise, and all the little

folks trust and love him.

The Doctor looks after the health of the Teenie Weenies and he is often called to help sick birds and squirrels, for his skill as a doctor is known for quite a distance about the rosebush. He has an office in the Teenie Weenie hospital, and there he is able to treat the sick Teenie Weenies in the best possible way.

The Teenie Weenie Cook is boss of the kitchen and he cooks the most wonderful food that any Teenie Weenie ever tasted. His stove is made out of an old tin tobacco can. The oven is so big that a whole stuffed prune can be baked in it. Gogo is the assistant cook and he can get up almost as good a meal as the Cook. The General says no one can bake a lima bean as well as Gogo.

The Dunce is a foolish fellow, who is always doing funny things. He is always hungry and the Cook says that he can eat a thimbleful of pudding. All the Teenie Weenies love the Dunce, for he is a

kindhearted little chap.

The Old Soldier has only one leg, but he is a good carpenter and he can make beautiful furniture out of a few matches. He is also a good tailor and he knows how to mend shoes wonderfully.

The Lady of Fashion is the most beautiful Teenie Weenie lady. She dresses in the very latest style and makes many things with her tiny needle. She is housekeeper at the shoehouse and often helps the Doctor, for she is a good nurse.

The Policeman is a tubby little fellow whose duty it is to look after the Teenie Weenie children. He settles disputes among the Teenie Weenies and chases away bugs that get too near to the Teenie Weenie houses.

Grandpa is the very oldest Teenie Weenie. He is crippled up with rheumatism and spends most of his time sitting in front of the Teenie Weenie fireplace.

Henry looks after the Teenie Weenie washing. He lives in an old teapot, which has been made into a fine laundry. The spout of a teapot makes a good chimney, for Henry must have a fire most of the time as he needs hot water to wash the clothes and also a place to heat his tiny irons.

The Cowboy is a great mouseback rider; in fact, he can ride most anything. He once rode a bucking



HENRY

LADY

TURK

PADDY PINN

CLOWN

Weenie and he is a very jolly and wise man. The Clown is a happy-go-lucky fellow, who can walk on his hands and tumble like an acrobat. He loves to play jokes, and the Dunce is his great chum.

Tessie Bone is the newest Teenie Weenie. She joined the Teenie Weenie family not long ago, and all the little people are very fond of her, in spite of the fact that she is quite a tomboy.

There are several Teenie Weenie women and children, and all these little people live very contentedly in their tiny houses under the rosebush. All the Teenie Weenies must do their share of the work.

If you don't work you can't eat, is their motto, and the work is usually done, for all the little folks have good appetites.

Every day some Teenie Weenie has to help the Cook and Gogo wash up the dishes, and the next day he has to help the Lady of Fashion make the beds and sweep up the house, while on another day he must help cut wood for the stoves and the fireplaces. With all the Teenie Weenies helping, it does not take a great while to do the work, so the little people have most of the day to spend as they like.

The Teenie Weenies are always ready to help a friend in need and many times they have helped the squirrels, the birds, the rabbits, and the mice who live near the rosebush.

Every summer the little people plant a garden and raise many vegetables which they store away in a great cellar under a tiny hill near the shoehouse. Each fall the Cook makes delicious jelly and apple butter and puts up many cans of fruit and vegetables for use during the long winter. The little people smoke many fish and frog hams, too.

Four potatoes will keep the Teenie Weenie family supplied all winter, and when the Cook wants some potatoes for a meal he goes into the cellar and cuts off a piece. He then covers the place on the potato, where he has cut out the piece, with hot paraffin and in this manner he keeps the potato in good shape until it is used up. Apples, carrots, and beets are kept in the same way, so you see the Teenie Weenies have plenty to eat during the winter.

In the summer they live on fresh fruit and vegetables from their garden, while once a week they buy a fresh minnow from a friendly kingfisher for a fish dinner. Occasionally they buy an egg from an old hen, which keeps them supplied with food for a long time. But the Teenie Weenies don't have eggs often for they are expensive, as the old hens demand twenty-five grains of corn for each egg.

grasshopper but he said it was pretty hard work. He can throw the lasso with wonderful skill and he is a good hunter.

The Indian is a silent little fellow. He spends much of his time in the woods and he can follow the trail of a caterpillar in the wildest jungle of tall grass.

The Scotchman is quite a musical Teenie Weenie. He plays the bagpipes and dances many fancy steps. The Sailor is a great swimmer and knows all about boats.

The Turk is very strong. He can lift a thimbleful of water above his head and he can carry a lead pencil on his shoulder. He knows a great deal about machinery, too.

Rufus Rhyme is the Teenie Weenie poet, who writes verse and songs for the rest of the Teenie Weenies to sing.

As we've said, Paddy Pinn is the tallest Teenie



THREE TEENIE WEENIES RUN AWAY

One morning shortly after the Teenie Weenies returned from camp the Dunce, the Clown, and Gogo failed to appear for breakfast.

"Bring the fruit, Cook," said the General. "We won't wait any longer for the lazy fellows."

"General! General!" shouted the Policeman, hurrying down the stairs. "They're gone! Their beds haven't been slept in, and I found this paper pinned to the Dunce's pillow!"

"Great guns!" exclaimed the General, when he read the note. "They've run away to play with a little boy who wrote them a letter saying they could have lots of fun and all the candy they wanted if they would come to live at his house."

The Teenie Weenies were greatly shocked, and the Lady of Fashion burst into tears. The General ordered the school bell rung, then stepped out on the porch of the schoolhouse and read the note to the assembled crowd.

Soon a party was made up to search for the runaways, and in a short time the little band made their way through the tall grass, carefully looking for the trail of the missing boys.

Gogo, the Dunce, and the Clown had left the shoe-house before daylight and were now well on their way. At noon they stopped for a rest.

"We ought to get to the little boy's house by tomorrow night," said the Dunce.

The three trudged on and late in the afternoon they ate the last of the food that they had brought with them from the shoehouse. Making a bed of soft thistledown and dry leaves in an old sardine can, the tired little fellows lay down to sleep.

"Hey, you fellows, get up!" shouted the Dunce next morning, sitting up and rubbing his sleepy eyes. "We've got to be on our way."

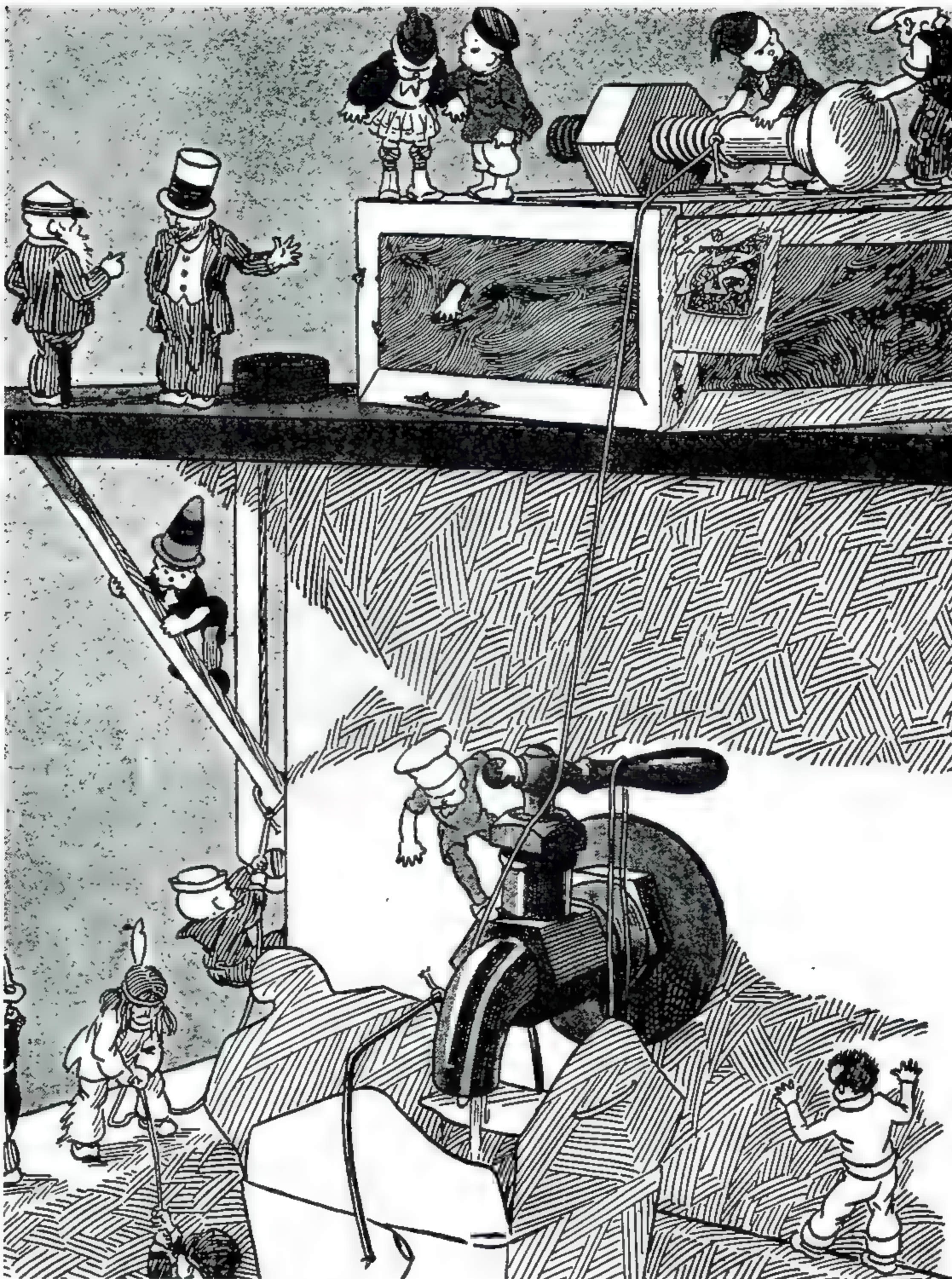
"Where are we goin' t' get our breakfast?" asked Gogo, as he looked mournfully around.

The Clown pointed to a house close by. "We might find a few crumbs there," he said.

The little fellows hurried to the house and climbed up the steps. Crawling under the door they found themselves in a small kitchen. On the table they spied the top of a loaf of bread, and, after a hard climb, they made their way up to it.

Suddenly the Teenie Weenies heard someone coming,





and they had just enough time to hide beneath a pepper box before an old man entered. He walked across the kitchen floor, and his footsteps shook the table with such violence that it caused a cloud of pepper to fall from the box, and Gogo let out a loud sneeze.

"Run for your lives!" shouted the Dunce, but the old man saw them, reached out his great hand, and caught them.

"What kind of people are you?" he growled. "Never saw such little folks."

He put the three little chaps into a cigar box and set it on a shelf over the sink. He made some tiny holes in the box to give the Teenie Weenies air, and he gave them a few bits of cheese and a dish of water. Then he closed the box and weighted the top down with a heavy iron bolt.

In a few minutes the Teenie Weenies heard the old

man shut the door and walk away. The Dunce quickly stuffed a bit of cheese into one of the air holes at the end of the box. After some hours of waiting a fat mouse came along. When he heard the Teenie Weenies' story, he rushed off to the General for help.

In a short time the rescue party arrived. The Old Soldier noticed a paper oyster bucket in the sink and saw the faucet was leaking. The Teenie Weenies soon pulled the bucket under the faucet and fastened a string from the handle of the bucket to the iron bolt on top of the cigar box. When the water in the bucket grew heavier than the bolt it fell into the sink, carrying the bolt with it. The rescue party quickly lifted the lid of the cigar box, and the runaways were free.

"Jiminy fishhooks!" exclaimed the Dunce. "You can just bet your last grape seed I won't leave home again!"



Fill in the blanks with the appropriate Spanish words.

By the end of this story,

you will have learned

17 new words!

Fantástico!

"Good work," Mrs. White said twenty minutes later. "Now stack up all our spelling _____ and make that pile of construction _____ real neat." And with

that she disappeared into the hallway.

"Look, the others are playing baseball in the park across the street," Ricky said. "Wish we were there playing, too," said Emma.

And, suddenly, Mrs. White appeared again holding two of the largest _____ in the world. "These are for you," she said. "You've done a great job helping me clean up. And I want you to share this," she said, handing Emma a shoebox. "It's _____ in every color of the rainbow," Mrs. White continued before Emma could even open the box. "I thought you might like it to doodle with on the sidewalk." And with that she chased both Ricky and Emma out of her classroom saying, "See you next year!"

"I forgot how nice Mrs. White could be," Ricky said to Emma as he slurped his melting ice cream cone.

"I hope we get to see her next year," Emma replied as they walked right past the park, forgetting all about the baseball game.



libros



cola



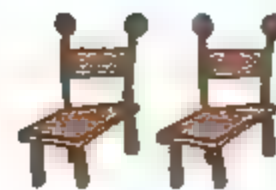
papel



pupitre



puerta



sillas



lapices



creyones



pizarra



clase



escuela



gomas de borrar



adiós



ventanas



conos de helado



tiza



mesa

SUGAR BEATS

.....
An interview with the popular kids' band.

BY CRAIG SHEMIN



Dillon Kondor and Jesse McCartney are both 12 years old. Katie Spencer is 13. Like you, they go to school, watch TV and hang out with their friends. But, unlike most kids, Dillon, Jesse and Katie have performed vocals on several CDs. This talented trio is a part of Sugar Beats.

Dillon's mom, singer Sherry Goffin Kondor, created Sugar Beats in 1993. She thought that parents and kids might enjoy hearing the same music—new versions of classic rock and roll songs. Sugar Beats features Sherry along with lots of kids singing background vocals, as well as some of the leading parts.

Jesse, a sixth grader, remembers auditioning for Sugar Beats by singing the Hanson song "Where's the Love." The audition went well and on the album *How Sweet it Is* he sang background vocals for several songs and sang the lead part on the song "Sugar Sugar."

Seventh grader Katie Spencer has performed on two Sugar Beats albums. "My favorite Sugar Beats song is 'It's a Beautiful Morning,'" she says. "They layered on tons of tracks and it sounds really beautiful."

Dillon was only eight years old when he sang on the second Sugar Beats album, *Everybody is a Star*. Although most of the songs on Sugar Beats recordings were written before he was born, he really enjoys them. "A lot of

them are better than today's songs," says Dillon. "I enjoy listening to oldies. My favorites are Jimi Hendrix, Steely Dan, Led Zeppelin, The Beatles and the Rolling Stones." He also likes newer performers like Ani DiFranco and Lauryn Hill. Dillon admits to listening to Carol King's music. She is a famous singer and songwriter of the 1960s and seventies—who just happens to be Dillon's grandmother.

Making a CD is a lot of work. There's a lot of practice to learn all the different parts of the songs and then when the kids go into the studio, they have to sing the same thing over and over until it's just right. "It can get tedious," says Sherry. "It's fun at first. But the kids get tired after a while."

When you listen to a CD, it may sound like everything was recorded at once, but it usually isn't. First, each musical instrument is recorded on a separate track. Then, each vocal part is recorded one at a time. When all the parts have been recorded, the recording engineer combines (or mixes) the tracks together at the proper volumes, so it all sounds like one recording.

"The hardest part is the laugh track," says Katie, referring to the laughing sounds played in-between songs. "You have to laugh and laugh and laugh for three or four minutes. After a while, your face hurts, your stomach hurts, everything hurts." Laughing is harder

I was singing and these girls in front were screaming. That felt good.

than you think.

All three kids had very strange reactions when they heard their voice on the recordings for the first time.

"When you hear your voice on the CD, you hear something totally different from the way you hear yourself when you're singing," says Jesse.

"I sound like a kid I don't like," added Dillon.

"When I heard my voice on the song 'Iko Iko,' it sounded a little strange," says Katie. "I didn't remember singing with an accent, but there it was."

But, not all of the action takes place in the recording studio. Sometimes, Sugar Beats takes its act on the road and performs for audiences as big as 1,000 kids. "Katie and I went to Alabama and did two big shows under a tent," recalls Jesse. "I was singing and these girls in front were screaming. That felt good." After the shows, the Sugar Beats get to meet their fans and sign autographs. "That's fun," says Jesse. "Until your hand gets cramped."

Despite the cramped hands and too much laughing, Jesse and Dillon both hope to go on to a career in entertainment. Katie enjoys singing, but she wants to be a marine biologist when she grows up.

So far, Sugar Beats has released four albums: *21 Really Cool Songs*, *Everybody is a Star*, *Back to the Beat* and *How Sweet it Is*. Recently, the best songs from these albums were assembled to create a new *Best of CD*.



- 1 In the recording studio (l-r) Dillon Kondor, Sherry Kondor, Jesse McCartney, Katie Spencer.
- 2 (l-r) Jesse, Katie and Dillon
- 3 Behind the mic (l-r) Jesse, Katie and Dillon.

HOW TO DRAW LITTLE LOTTA

1 LITTLE LOTTA IS ALL SIMPLE CIRCLES AND OVALS...



LIGHTLY SKETCH LOTTA'S BODY WITH A PENCIL!

2



ADD CIRCLES AND OVALS FOR EYES, HANDS AND OTHER SMALL DETAILS!

3

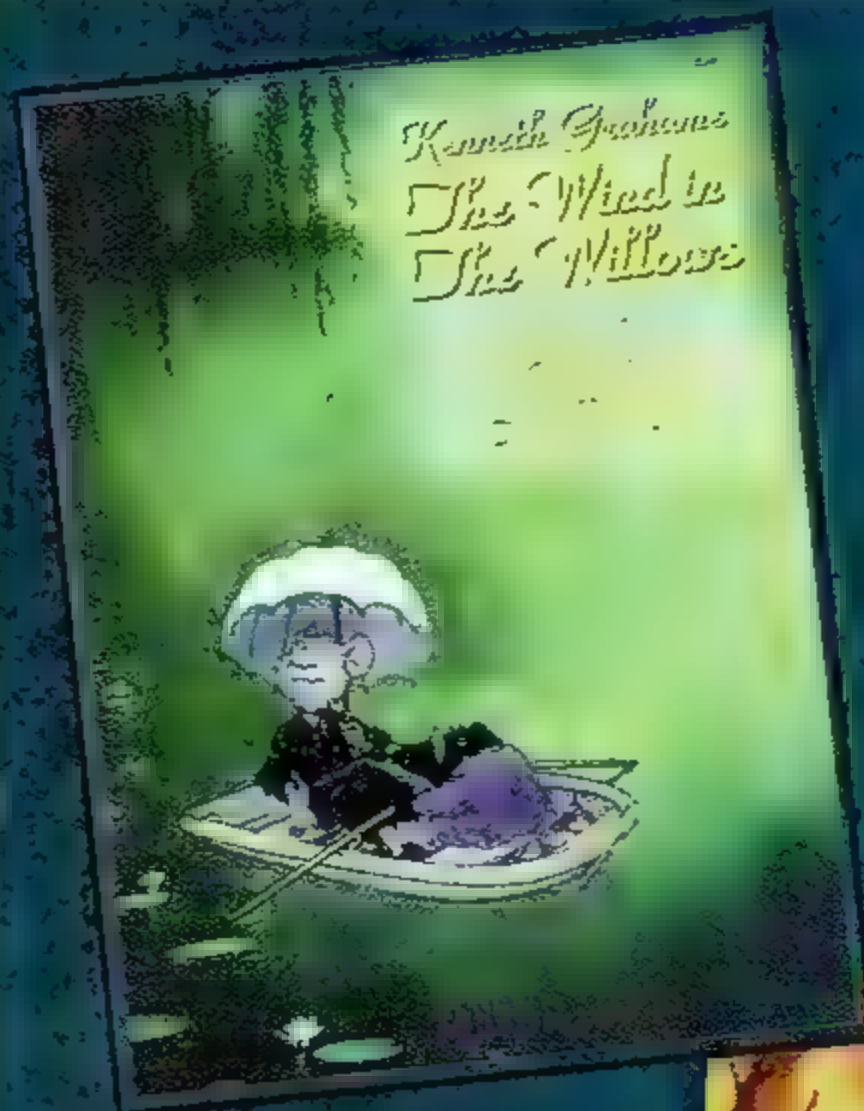


ADD EVEN MORE DETAILS: FRECKLES, NOSE AND ICE CREAM CONE!

4 FINISH USING A BLACK MARKER, THEN ADD COLOR!



NOW THAT YOU'RE DONE, YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS YOU HAD **A-LOTTA** FUN!



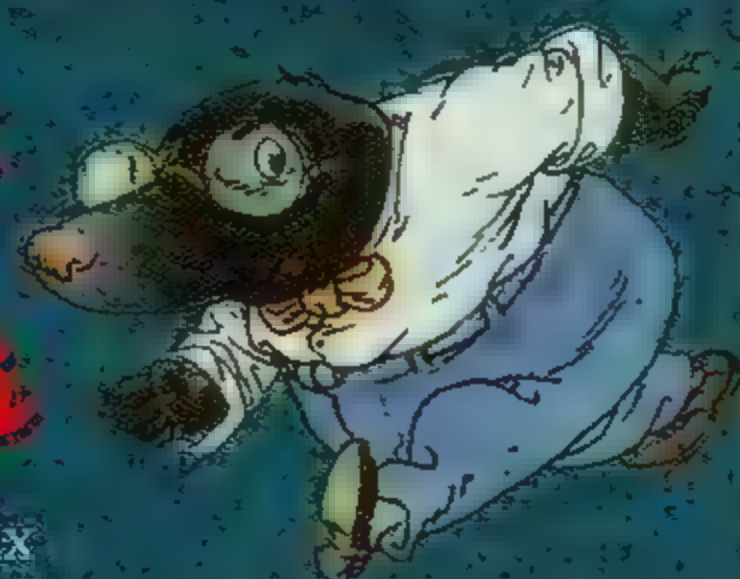
The Wind in The Willows

Adapted to beautiful comics by Michel Plessix

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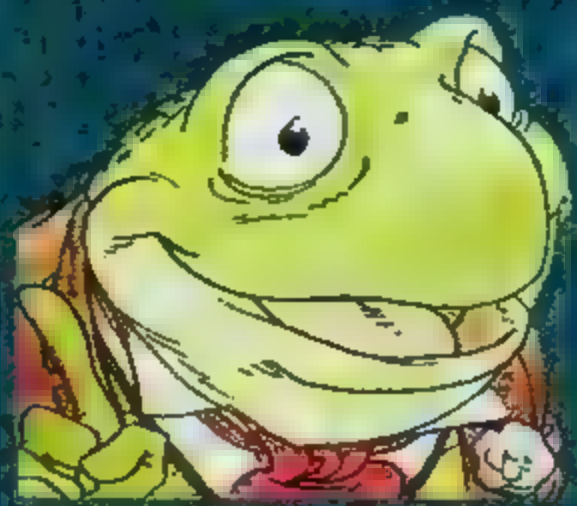
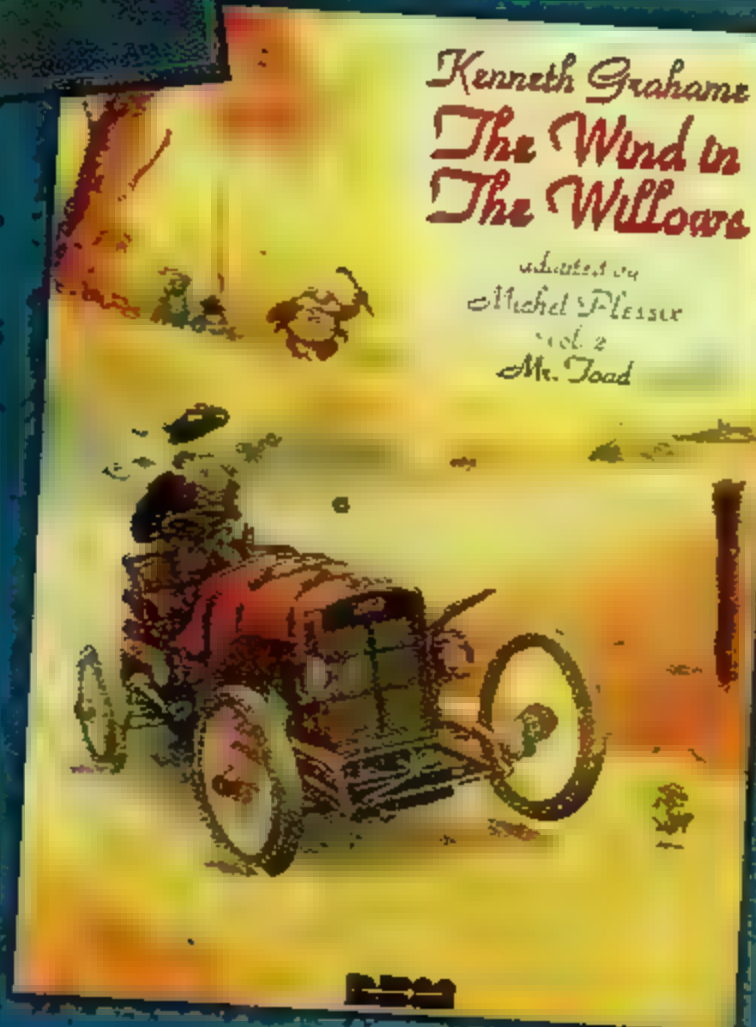
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Kenneth Grahame
The Wind in The Willows
adapted by
Michel Plessix
vol. 2
Mr. Toad

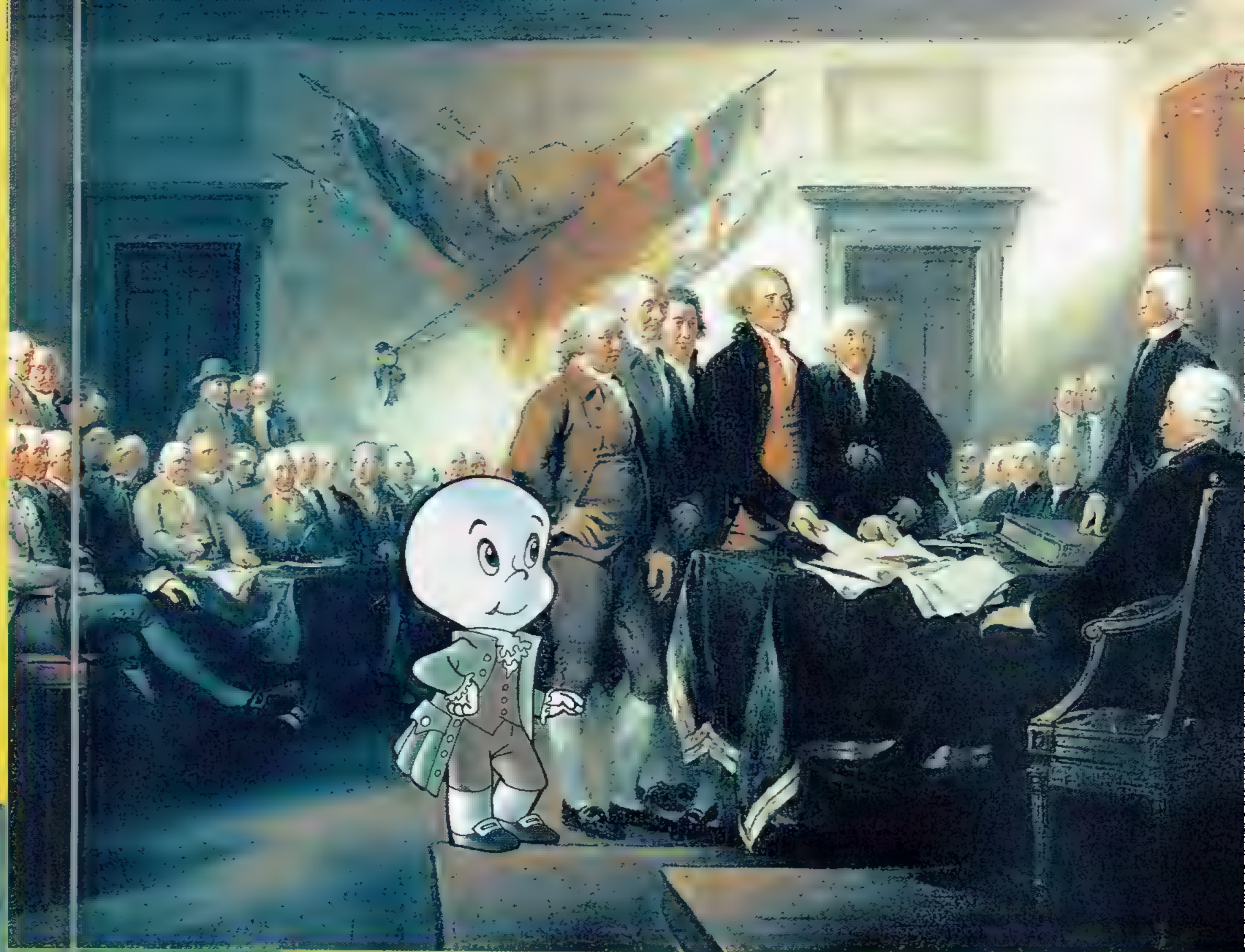


CASPER

THROUGH HISTORY

PART II

In the February issue of Harvey we revealed that Casper, everyone's favorite ghost, has not only been around for a long time, but has been in on the making of a lot of history. You may recall that we showed Casper with Charles Lindbergh, Babe Ruth, atop Mt. Rushmore and even along with Neil Armstrong when he became the first man on the moon. Well, since that issue, our resident historian and authority on nearly everything, Professor Sidney Von Jacobson, has unearthed six famous paintings that indicate that Casper was around even before historical events were photographed. This has been one busy ghost. Some people have suggested that the "Casper" versions were later repainted and that he was replaced by real people so as not to scare art lovers. Who knows?



The Signing of the Declaration of Independence. Artist, John Trumbull

Why do we celebrate on the fourth of July? Because on that day in 1776, the Continental Congress agreed to issue the Declaration of Independence which had mostly been written by Thomas Jefferson and declared America's independence from Great Britain. Jefferson, in the painting, is the tall man in front of the desk. Holding the Declaration with him is Benjamin Franklin. No one has ever identified the little guy in front until now. There's no truth to the rumor that he was Jefferson's ghostwriter.



← Washington Crossing the Delaware. Artist, Emanuel Leutze

This scene took place during the Revolutionary War when on Christmas night in 1776, General George Washington and some 2,400 soldiers crossed the raging Delaware River and scored a badly needed victory over the Hessians who were fighting for the British. Washington, who's called "The Father of our Country," is standing at the front of the boat. Very few people have ever noticed the tiny figure with the oar just in front of him. Boy! It was cold. Even a ghost shivered.



Lewis and Clark on the Lower Columbia.

Artist, Charles M. Russell

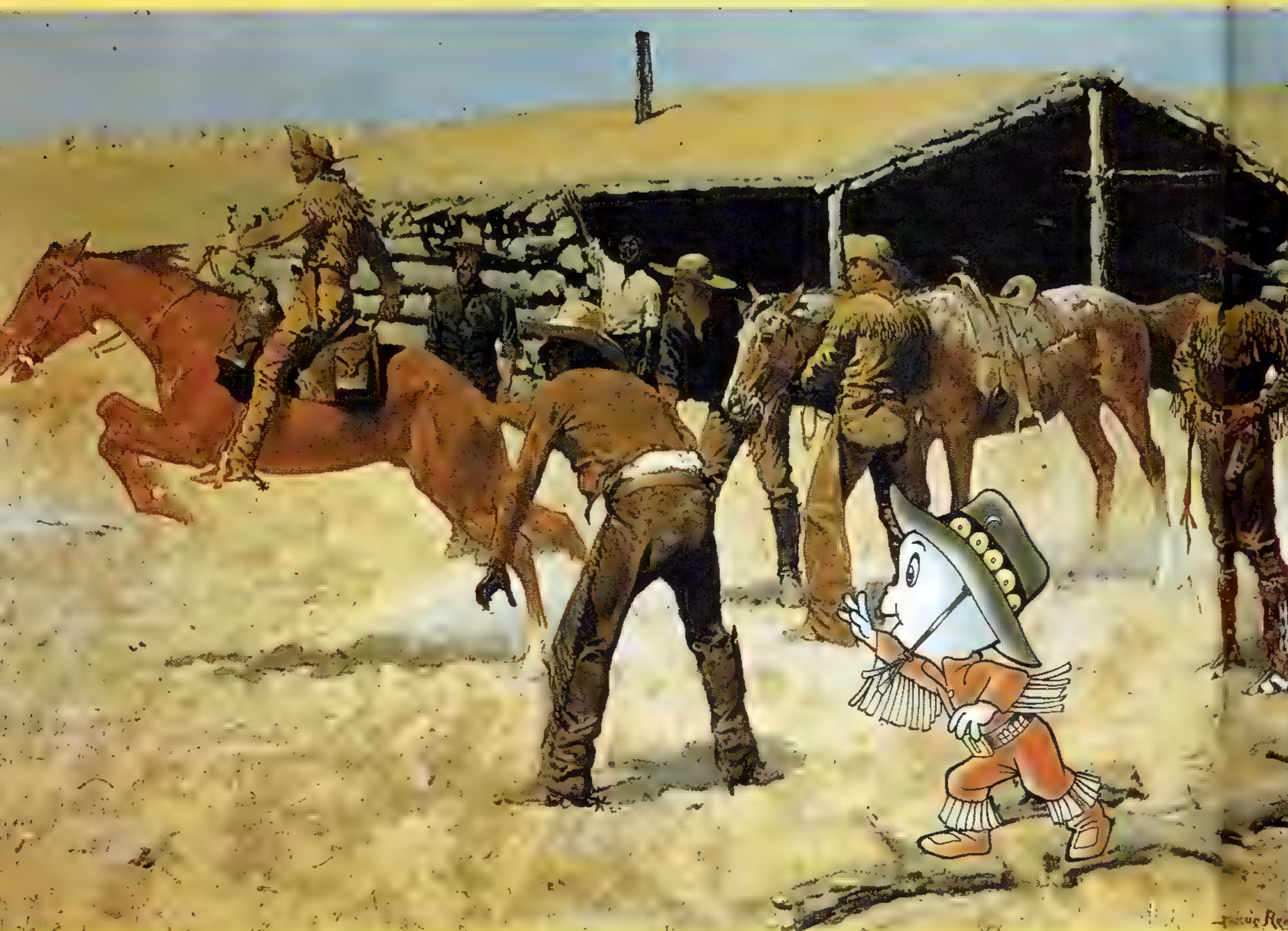
When Thomas Jefferson became president in 1801, nearly all the people in the United States lived near the Atlantic Ocean. The most western border of the country was the Mississippi River. After a number of expeditions beyond the Mississippi failed, Jefferson finally named Meriwether Lewis and William Clark to head an exploration to find what was out there beyond the Mississippi. Congress agreed to spend \$38,000 on the expedition (maybe about as much as your family car costs) and on May 14, 1804 they were off. They traveled mostly by boat and discovered rivers and sites which later became cities. Much of the success of their travels came because of help from friendly Indians. Finally, they reached what is now Oregon and this painting shows them being greeted there on the Columbia River. Note who one of the greeters was. His Indian name, Casperonimo: He Who Wears a Bedsheet.



The Lincoln-Douglas Debates.

A lithograph by Cafferty and Rosenberg

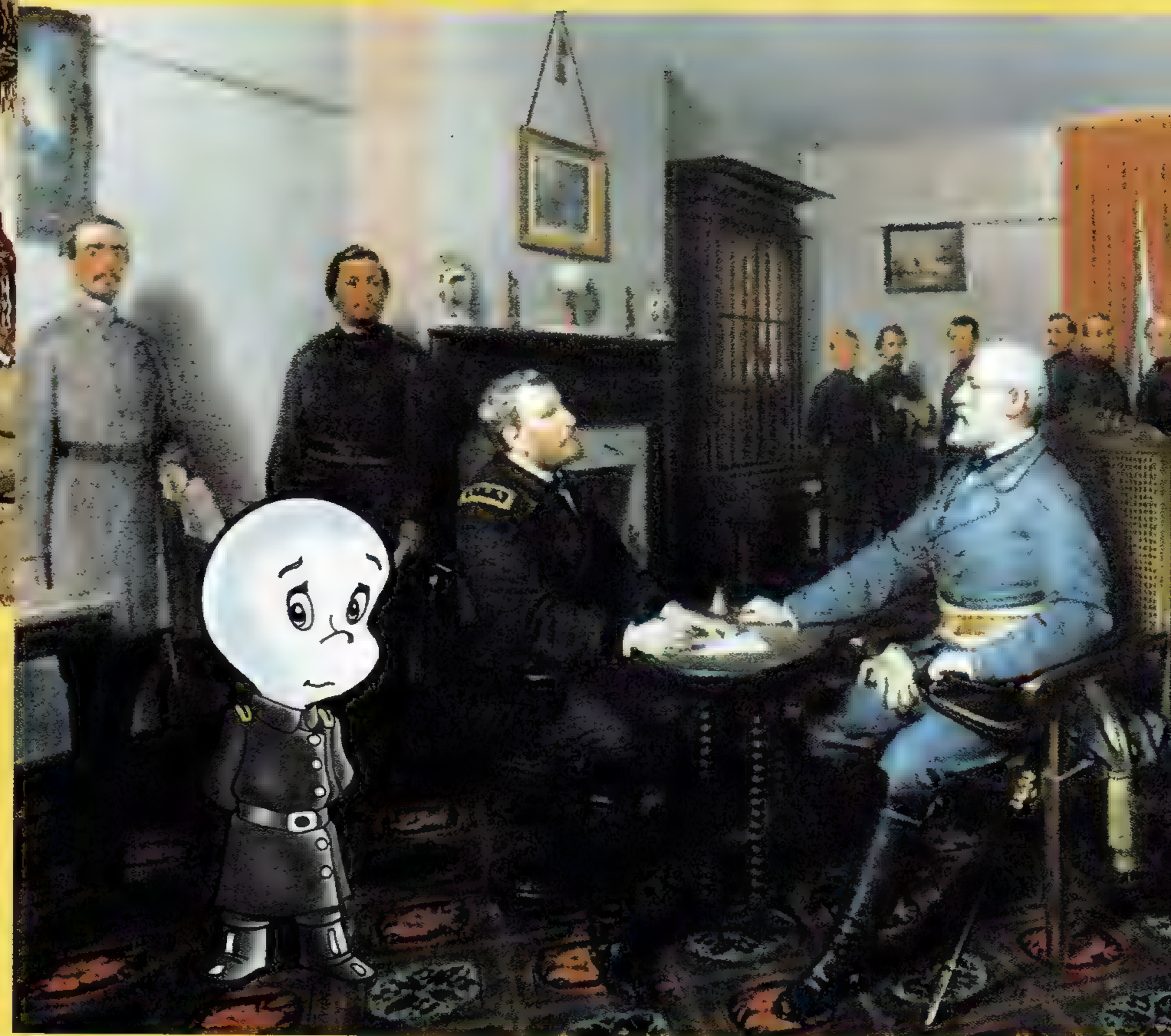
In 1858, little known Abe Lincoln ran for Illinois senator against the much better known Stephen A. Douglas. Lincoln's speeches against slavery made him famous. He lost that election, but two years later ran for president and won. One interested spectator in the front row is shown writing down Lincoln's every word.



Coming and Going of the Pony Express.

Artist, Frederic Remington

In the 1860s, nearly 140 years ago, there were, of course, no planes, no cars and no Panama Canal, so mail on boats took months to get from coast to coast. But trains did go from the East Coast to Missouri and in 1860, the Pony Express, riders on fast horses, took the mail from Missouri to Salt Lake City to Carson City and even all the way to San Francisco. Of course, fresh horses were kept along the way and they were cared for by hardy cowboys, including one real little one. Well, maybe not so hardy, the Pony Express only lasted about a year and a half.



Surrender of General Lee to General Grant, April 19, 1865.

Artist, Louis Mathieu Didier Guillaume

The Civil War was the worst period in the history of the United States. It was a time when Americans fought each other. It ended on April 9, 1865. Here, Southern Confederate General Robert E. Lee surrenders to Northern General Ulysses S. Grant at the Appomattox Court House in Virginia. The little guy in the front was sure glad the fighting was over. Friendly ghosts, like friendly people, don't like wars.

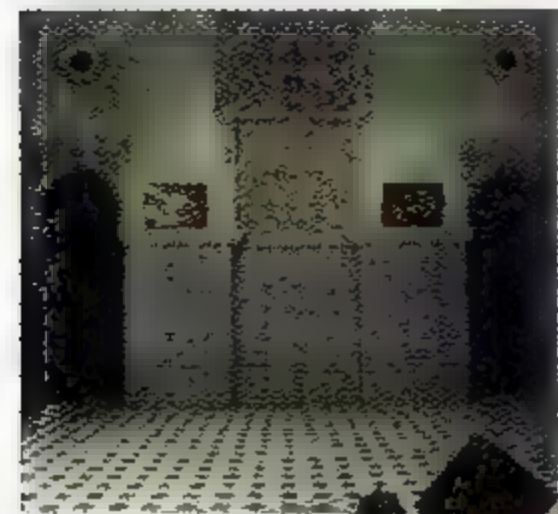
The Paradise City

THERE WAS ONCE A KING who ruled over a vast and prosperous land.

Not only was he wealthy beyond compare, but he had a beautiful wife, two noble sons, and a glorious palace, with courtyards and gardens that were the finest in the Arab world.

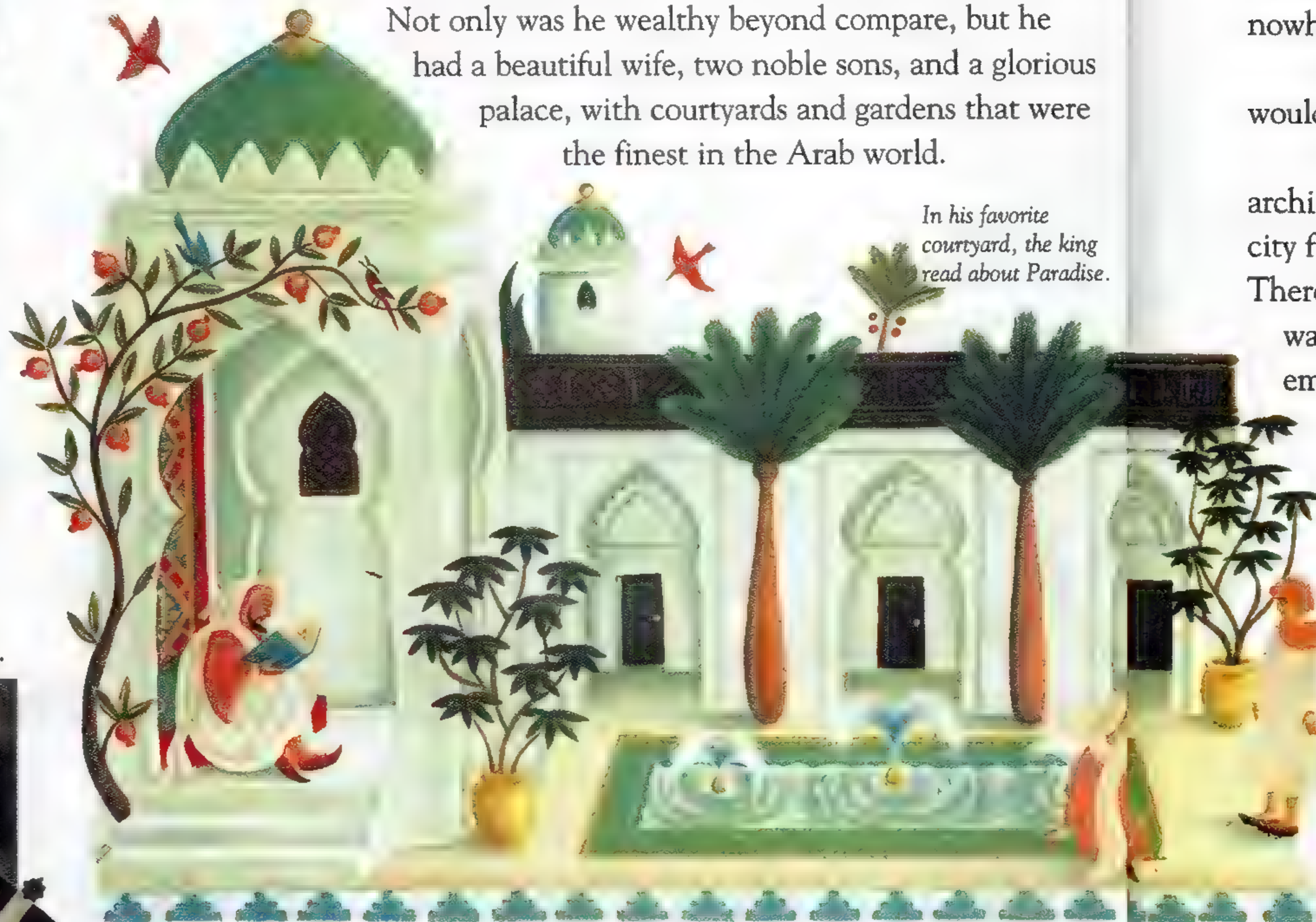
In his favorite courtyard, the king read about Paradise.

HOUDA
Houda Elazhar lives in Salé in Morocco. Houda and her family are Muslims. Muslims believe good people will go to a place called Paradise after death.



HOME
Houda lives in a traditional Moroccan-style home. Rooms are built around tiled courtyards, as they were in the king's palace.

KING OF MOROCCO
Morocco has been ruled by kings for over a thousand years. This story warns them to be humble.



But the king was not satisfied. He was sure he could have something better. He questioned scholars and wise men, he pored over manuscripts and books, he asked every visitor who passed through his city if they had seen a better kingdom than his.

"No, my lord," they invariably replied. "We have seen nothing to compare with this."

Then one day the king came across a huge, dusty book lying hidden in a corner of the library. He opened the book and began to read. He read about a place called Paradise. Nowhere was more beautiful than Paradise. It was more beautiful than anything on Earth, and it was where the good people went after death. The more he read,

the more he tried to picture what Paradise was like. Surely the palaces in Paradise would be built from silver and gold with diamond-studded courtyards; the gardens would be running with cool streams, shaded by rare trees, and nodding with sweet-smelling flowers. Surely nowhere on Earth would be happier and more tranquil?

He was determined he would build such a place. He would create Paradise on Earth.

The king summoned his courtiers and noblemen, his architects and craftsmen, and ordered them to build him a city full of shimmering palaces and glorious courtyards.

There must be palaces of light and air and water and marble, wood, gold, and silver, embedded with the finest metals and

jewels. Towers and pinnacles should pierce the clouds, city walls should glitter with precious stones that could be seen from horizon to horizon.

There must be gardens so perfumed that songbirds would fly in from every corner of the globe and never wish to leave.

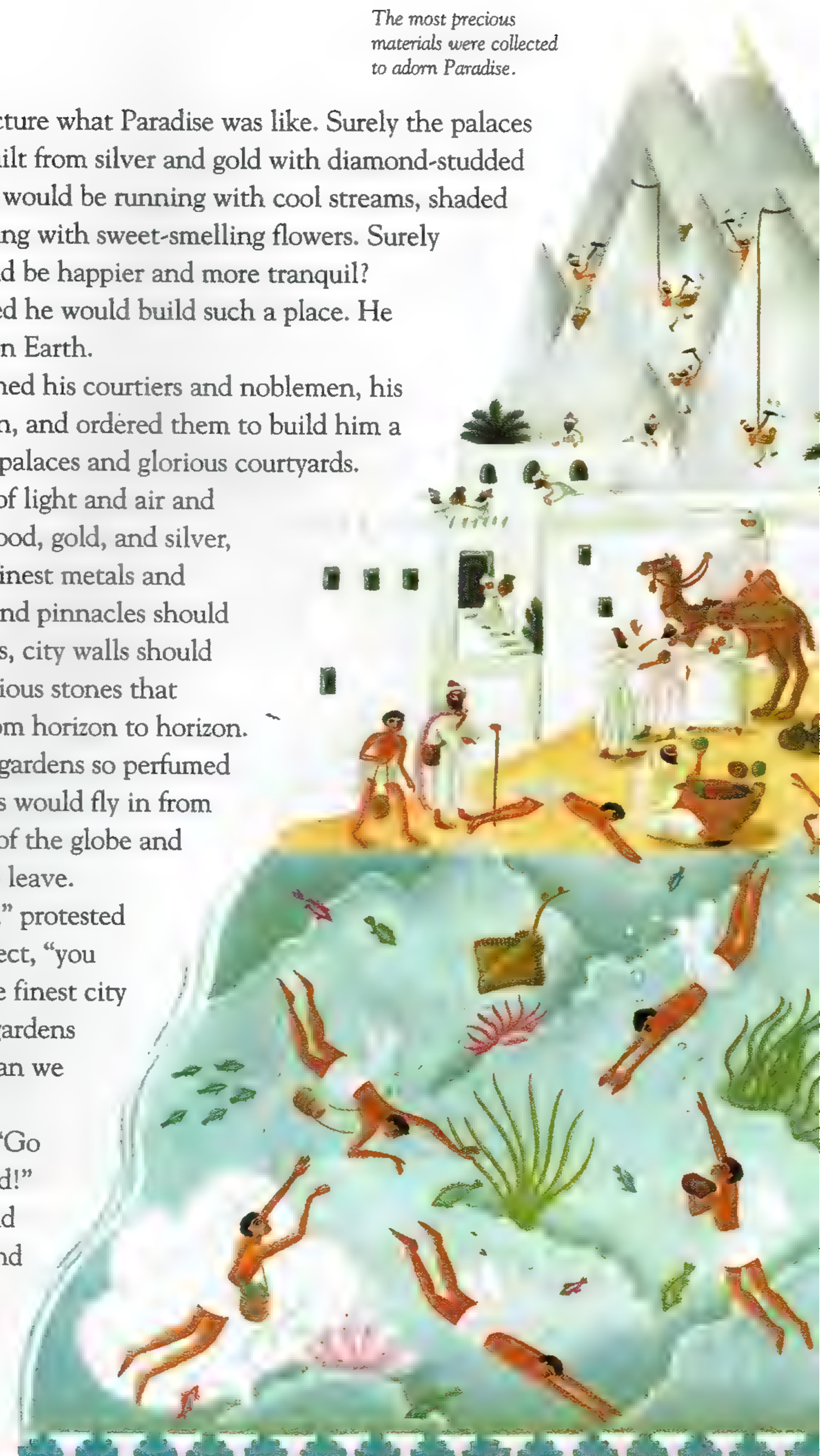
"But, Sire," protested the chief architect, "you already have the finest city of palaces and gardens

in all the world. How can we build anything better?"

The king roared, "Go and do as I have decreed!"

So the builders and craftsmen, architects, and laborers searched to the ends of the Earth to find the most precious materials the world could offer.

The most precious materials were collected to adorn Paradise.



The king led a procession into the city of jeweled palaces.



Bit by bit palaces went up – a hundred of them – one for each of the king's nobles. They had pillars of ruby and opal, and floors inlaid with amber and amethyst. The rooms shimmered with sapphire, topaz, tourmaline, and emerald. The years went by, and still the building continued. The gardens were laid out: fountains spouting perfume, streams running

with diamonds, and trees, shrubs, and flowers of such rare beauty that the songbirds sang like angels.

So involved was the king with building Paradise he hardly noticed when his wife died, and his sons went away to seek their fortunes, and his friends and advisors gradually withered away.

When at last the city was complete, the king, now old, decreed there should be a magnificent opening ceremony.

He would go in procession to see his creation. With his armies, servants, and courtiers, he rode to the golden gates of his glorious city.

"Look!" he cried, his voice booming among the lonely towers. "Isn't this the most magnificent palace to be found anywhere on Earth or in Heaven?" The empty rooms echoed with his pride and arrogance.

"Have I not built Paradise itself?"

Barely had the words escaped his lips than the sky darkened. A dreadful sound rumbled below them, and the walls began to shake. The horses neighed and the people trembled.

"Look!" cried a voice shaking with fear.

Everyone stared in horror as the ground cracked and opened beneath their feet. The Paradise gardens, the wonderful palaces, the towers of the jeweled city, all the people and animals – everything – began to sink into the earth.

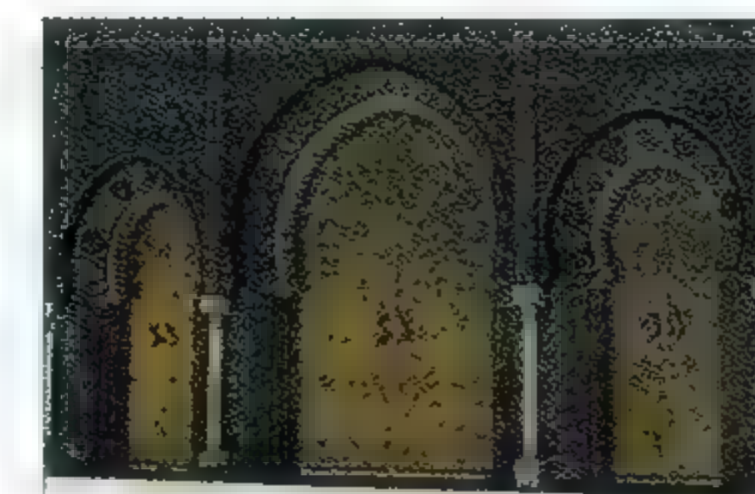
"My dream, my dream!" wept the greedy king, as he, too, was swallowed up.

Nothing remained. Not one shrub or songbird or bubbling stream; not one minaret or glittering jewel or marble stone. Nothing was left of the Paradise city but the desert sands shifting over the traces, and the wind moaning over the dunes.

The beautiful city was swallowed up forever.



SPARKLING JEWELS
The king used the most beautiful, rare, and weather-resistant stones, crystals, and gems in the world to build his city.



GOLDEN GATES
Morocco still has many fine palaces. These are the Dar Asselam Gates of the royal palace in Fes.

BABY Huey's DUCKTIONARY

Clothes Around the World



Scotland



Egypt



Russia

A

lot of people wonder where I got my costume from. It's a kinda simple outfit, diaper, jacket, bow tie and a baby bonnet which is tied under my chin. It's an international baby costume—for huge babies, that is!

People all over the world wear different kinds of clothes although I hear that jeans are now worn by people everywhere, even in China and Russia and a lot of countries in Africa. I betcha if there were people on Mars, they'd be wearing jeans.

Some countries have some very unusual kinds of clothes. Not many Americans wear hats anymore, but in Russia, for example, most men wear **ushankas**, high fur hats without a brim, that keep their heads warm during those cold, cold Russian winters.

In France, some men wear berets which are simple cotton or wool hats that are worn more for style than to keep warm. Think I'd look good in a **beret**?

Talking about keeping warm; in Scotland men have been wearing **kilts**, short plaid skirts, even before they wore pants. Each family wears a plaid that represents their clan. Boy, I bet they can get cold sometimes.

In Peru there's a large Indian population who live mostly in the mountain areas and wear wonderfully colorful costumes. The women dress in brightly colored skirts, long-sleeved blouses and capes or **mantas** around their shoulders or sometimes over their heads to protect them from the sun. The men wear pants that usually come down only to their calves and they wear capes that are called **ponchos** to stay warm. In one region in Peru, the women still wear black skirts as a tribute to the last Inca ruler, who died centuries before the U.S.A. was born.

The cowboys of Brazil wear outfits mostly made out of leather and the gauchos (cowboys) of Argentina wear baggy pants that are

tucked into their boots and, even when herding cows, they wear a lot of silver—belts, buttons, whatever.

Women in most Muslim countries (Iraq, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, etc.) wear long flowing robes and a large black cloak called an **abaya** which, in public, is always wrapped around their heads. Muslim women aren't allowed to show their faces in public. Muslim men wear loose tunic dresses with long sleeves called **Djellabas** or **Hashimi**.

Most men and women in Japan dress exactly like we do, but a lot of Japanese of both sexes wear **kimonos**, long cotton or silk robes which are often beautifully designed and colored. Like with our own clothes, there are very fancy and expensive kimonos for special occasions and simpler kimonos for everyday wearing. Umm, think I'd look good in a kimono with a big duck on the back? No belts or buttons on the kimonos; a big sash called an **obi** is tied around the waist.

All over China, both men and women wear plain blue or gray, long sleeved cotton denim jackets and pants which are padded in the winter. No fancy stuff there.

And in India, the most popular form of dress for women is the **sari**, a long flowing gown, often beautifully designed in bright colors. One end of it, the **pallo**, is draped over the left shoulder or tucked in at the waist.

So, those are a few of the kinds of clothes worn around the world. Didja notice that no one wears a size XXXXXXXXL diaper, short jacket and baby bonnet? Well, maybe extra large babies do.

Due to a printer's error in the May issue, it was stated that squash is played with a tennis ball with the air let out. Squash is played with a hard rubber ball. The ball described is used in racquetball.



Japan



Peru

HARVEY
64



India

Just a little note from a big bird.
Check out my new movie
"Baby Huey's Great Easter Adventure"
at video stores everywhere.

Baby Huey

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mouth

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